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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 9 60p

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ISABEL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DEREK BURTON

Littlehampton in Sussex is famed for having just about the best stretch of sandy beach on the South Coast – a welcome relief from the pebbles of Brighton and Bognor. From now though, Littlehampton will have another attraction, 19-year-old Isabel Orton, whose 36B–23–35 has regularly graced the town's West Beach during the past summer months.

'The West Beach,' maintains Isabel with a knowing smile, 'is a great spot to sunbathe because you can find yourself a little secluded patch among the dunes that back onto the golf course no matter how crowded the rest of the beach is. It's quite tricky to get to actually as unless you get a boat across the River Arun to the beach, you have to walk up a path beside the golf and yacht clubs, then you turn right and thread your way through the crowds as if you were going towards Climping and after a couple of hundred yards, voilà, no crowds, unless it's the absolute height of summer and even then, as I said, you can find yourself somewhere quiet amongst the dunes.' When not sunning herself, Isabel works in nearby Arundel, speeding her bright red Mini along the almost dead-straight road past the curiously un-grim confines of Ford Open Prison. 'I just have an ordinary secretarial job,' she says, 'nine-to-five, nothing too demanding. I'm invariably back on the beach by five-thirty in summer. Sometimes, if I'm with friends, we gather

up loads of driftwood, light a fire and have an impromptu barbecue. Nothing too glamorous, not roasting whole oxen or anything like that, just some sausages and cans of cold beer. Then a swim afterwards. The beach slopes so gently that it's very safe, even at night. I know you're not really supposed to, but we never go out deep, you'd have to walk a few hundred yards for that anyway. We just splash around.' And fool around too ? Isabel's eyes open wide in mock astonishment. 'Whatever can you mean ?' she grins. 'That's not a very polite question. I suppose there is a bit, but I don't think my friends would appreciate it all that much if I told you the things they got up to. Not,' she adds, 'that they get up to anything they shouldn't, but boys will be boys and girls will be girls and I leave the rest to your imagination.' Isabel smiles. 'If you really want to find out what goes on, you'll just have to come along with us one night and find out for yourself. Regard it as an open invitation.' A wink. 'Prepare yourself for surprises though, won't you ?'

TINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

The University of Surrey, nestling under the gold angel-topped Guildford Cathedral, is one of the country's newer seats of learning. Sages a-plenty has it known, but it's open to argument whether any of them can compete with 25-year-old Tina Mackey, whose 34–24–35 once enhanced a campus cookery course. 'Though in all honesty,' admits Tina, 'I was more interested in socialising than

soufflés.' A case perhaps of getting fresh with the freshmen? Tina was born in Guildford and schooled at the George Abbot Comprehensive. Leaving at the age of sixteen, she then took a secretarial course at Guildford Tech before embarking upon matters culinary at the University. That in its turn led to night school in nearby Aldershot studying sociology and British Constitution and with that under her belt and never one to rest on her laurels, Tina opened the Mount Staff Bureau in Guildford, an agency specialising in the finding and placing of *au pairs.* That brings us more or less to the present, with Tina now enjoying a successful modelling career. She lives alone in a flat near to the local Odeon cinema with, would you believe, four parrots, two cats and a dog, a menagerie deserted only when Tina slips out for a drink at her local, the *King's Head* in Quarry Street. Tina's seemingly solitary life-style is also reflected in her holiday choice. 'I have two cars,' she explains 'a red Alpine convertible and a shit-brown Mini. My last holiday was in Sweden.

I just took a car across and then drove round. I picked up the occasional solo male hitch-hiker, but none of them ever made a pass at me – merely bought me a drink to say thanks. Mark you, I'm not sure what my reaction would have been had any of them gone so far as to make a pass. I'm not one of those people that instantly fancies a bloke – I have to know them for quite a while before things develop. I'm more turned on by states of mind than anything else. If I'm with a guy and I can sense he's feeling randy, that tends to have a similar effect on me. I'm not pushy though. I love parties, but I'd never go and chat up a bloke. I can't really say why, except that it's just not me. I suppose you could put it down to the fact that I'm lazy – I like other people to do all the work. I'd think that if a chap fancied a girl strongly enough he'd make some sort of effort to chat her up, wouldn't you agree? Gazing soulfully across a crowded room never did achieve much, did it?'

BERNICE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

When John Chalkhill wrote of 'the sweet contentment the countryman doth find', he must have had in mind as the object of such contentment, an image not unlike that presented by 22-year-old Bernice Chapman – a countrygirl through and through. For Bernice, with an eye-catching 36–25–36 figure hails from the green parklands which lie between the Malvern Hills and the Welsh border – better-known perhaps as the dairy county of Hereford. 'I was brought up on the farm,' says Bernice 'though I went away to school. It's so beautiful and tranquil here that I doubt if I'd ever want to move away. The villages with their Elizabethan houses – especially in Hereford itself – are so pretty and picture-postcard-like. It's only a small farm and I must admit that I don't do that much though sometimes I help with the milking.

I've got my pony too, but Dad's got my brother to help run the place. I think things are pretty grim at the moment, but then again I suppose that everyone's feeling the pinch. You know I'm terrible really. I mean, so lazy. I should try and get a job. It's the same with boys. I just haven't got the courage to chat up a boy I fancy I'm really rather shy. Lots of my girlfriends are extroverted and can initiate things. I can't and there again the boys around here are quite shy too. Sometimes I wish they'd be a bit more open about their feelings – not, mind you, that I want to hop into bed with them all. I mean talking about a prize bull over dinner can be a bit off-putting. When you boil it down I suppose I'm a bit mixed-up. I lived in London for a year or so but I couldn't wait to get back home, but London men are less introverted I think. Maybe I'll move back.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / BERNICE CHAPMAN

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/BERNICE CHAPMAN

Three Girls in a Boat

Jerome K Jerome's Edwardian jaunt *Three Men in a Boat* might have lasted a great deal longer than a fortnight if his three gentlemanly heroes had sailed within sight of the *Seven Eleven.* Not that a punting expedition which begins in the quieter reaches of the Thames is likely to reach the Aegean, but our three women in a boat – Joyce, Inga and Lyn – would have been more than happy to effect a rescue. 'Can you imagine a week sailing around the Greek islands and not a man in sight?' asks oval-faced, brunette Inga, a petite 22-year-old, lately an au pair working for an American family staying in London. A moment before you realise her sweet smile is hiding a joke. But the laughter of blondes Lyn and Joyce, both 21, both from the North of England, have already given the game away. 'We were lent the boat from Inga's employer,' Lyn explains, 'who wanted it sailed from its berth in Nice to Rhodes where his family were staying.' 'He invited me to go along for the ride,' says Inga. 'I was just about to leave when I found I'd be alone with this one

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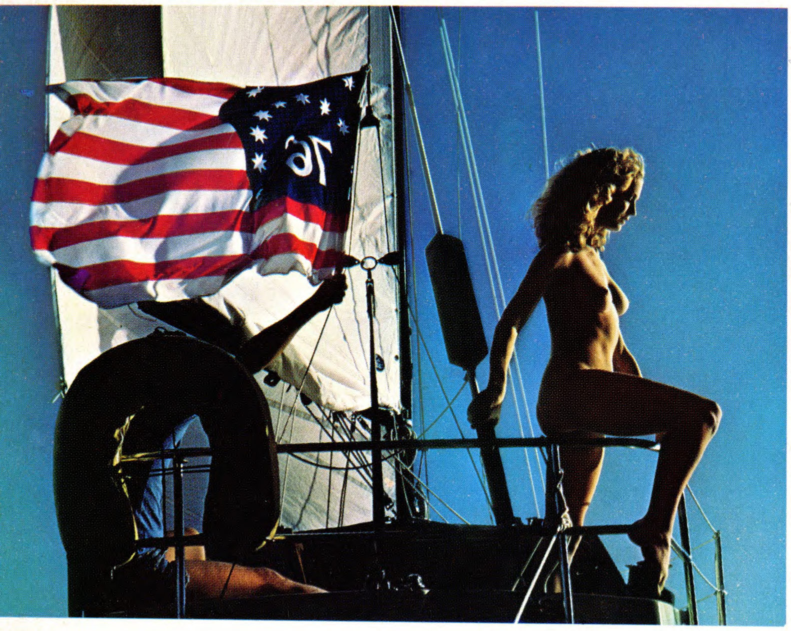
French crewman, so I asked if I could take along some expert help.' 'Two days intensive training in Bridlington paddling pools,' grins Joyce. 'In fact we did quite a lot, between long bouts of sun bathing.' Always in the nude? 'Only out of sight of land,' chides Inga. 'It was all incredibly free and easy. No one minded at all.' Not even that fortunate French crewman? The girls smile.



BARBARA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

If ever an issue of *Mayfair* put paid once and for all to the rather feeble myth that models who appear in the magazine are dead from the neck up it's this one. For amongst the girls appearing this month are two who have the know-how and confidence to run their own successful businesses. Earlier in this issue we met Tina Mackey who runs her own *au pair* bureau in Guildford and to emphasise the point that beauty and brains need not necessarily be strange bedfellows, taking a smart step forward is Barbara Ann Richards, who'll be 22 on September 1. Barbara, a leggy 5 feet 9$\frac{1}{2}$

inches and 36–26–36, runs her own secretarial and accountancy business in the West Midlands, deciding to go it alone after working for a printing company following her graduation from the Bournville College of Further Education. 'Don't make it sound too grand,' laughs Barbara. 'My business is really a one-man, or perhaps I should say one-girl, concern, though it's going so well at the moment, (touch wood), that I might have to take on a junior before too long to help out. I work with several concerns in my area, doing the books, payrolls and the like and I've been going for about a year now. That, allied to the bit of photographic modelling I've done so far, doesn't leave me that much time for

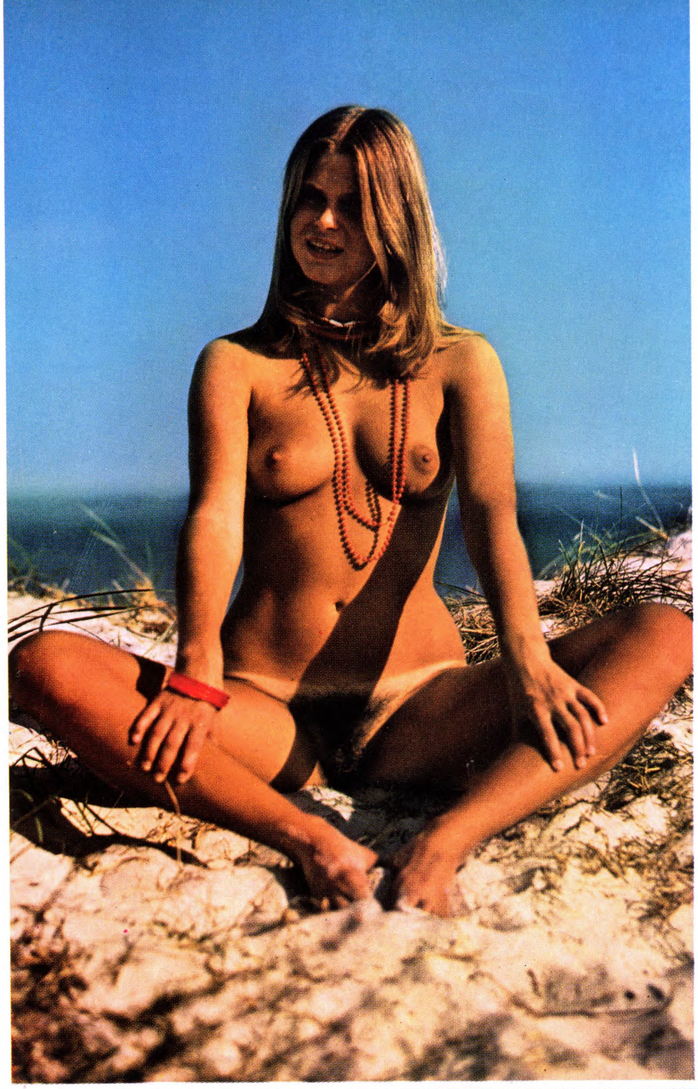
hobbies and spare-time activities, though I do play badminton and go swimming in addition to working in my garden at home. I don't go out that much. I'm not that keen on discos and parties. I far prefer entertaining at home.' One drawback to Barbara's busy-bee life is that holidays present a bit of a problem. 'True,' she agrees, 'the trouble is that I can't take more than a week off at a time. If I do, work gets chaotic, so I grab the odd few days whenever I can. In fact I've just got back from camping in Cornwall and I'm off there again soon. It's a lovely part of the world.' So if the piskies want their books balanced and a bit of magical secretarial work done too, Barbara's just their girl.

SINGER

JESSICA

For a girl who is as spectacular in looks and 35-22-35 shape as Jessica Saint the quiet life might seem a remote dream. A view which she vehemently denies. 'I hate large parties, especially when I know only a few people. I usually end up cuddling a glass of warm wine in a dark corner. I'd much rather invite a group of really good friends round for dinner and a long leisurely chat afterwards.' Born 22 years ago close to the seaside village

of Padstow in Cornwall, Jessica rarely moves further from native ground for longer than six months at a time. 'My longest time away was when I first left art college in Cheltenham and I decided that London was going to be the only place to do what I wanted. I specialised in textiles and I did quite well so I was convinced the whole design world would be crying out for me.' A wry smile. 'Unfortunately it wasn't quite like that. And I ended up working in a gallery, which I enjoyed. But to be truthful, the whole city scene frightened me a bit. I was lucky with flat mates but it could so easily have been different. So I thought, "Right, back to the sea and the green grass."' Nowadays she works with similarly-minded friends in a converted Cornish barn, producing craftwork which she also helps to sell around the county's innumerable craft and souvenir shops. 'That's mainly in the summer,' she explains. 'In winter I usually come back to the



big city to earn the biggest pennies. Luckily I've picked up typing and a smattering of shorthand in my travels.' But home is the barn. 'I feel a bit guilty about it sometimes because most of the people live there permanently, and I only seem to be around at the best times when the weather's nice. But it's not a real commune – we only share work materials because it's cheaper for all. And' – another grin – 'I can't remember when we last had an orgy. In fact I have one fairly special boyfriend there, but we regard each other as free when I go away. It wouldn't be fair otherwise.' He is, of course, an artist. 'He's very beefy and bearded. I love men who look very masculine, they're really just my type.'

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GEORGE

'George!' Our call carries through a leafy pub garden. Male heads turn, then turn again, for the person rising in response is a particularly stunning – and beautifully proportioned young lady. 'Not Georgina, just plain George,' she states with the forthright air of a girl used to getting her own way, and used to the flicker of male glances that continue to circulate round the garden of the *Spaniards* public house on the top of Hampstead Hill in London. Her attitude is one of maddening indifference. 'Everyone assumes,' she says, 'that I picked my own name for a conversation piece, but it's not true. My parents simply liked the

name and didn't see any point in changing it because I happened to be a girl.' Her first smile, dazzling in its effectiveness. 'I think that's where I got my stubborn nature from.' A stubbornness that propelled her straight from a lengthy and gruelling bilingual secretarial course in her native Manchester to the very chancey world of modelling. 'I promised my parents I would qualify, and I did, but it does help because things are always slow in the beginning, and I need never starve.' Based in Munich she's appeared in several nail polish advertisements and one for jeans: none, sad to say, featuring more of her exquisite 34–22–35 inches than a left hand and the top half of her delightful rear. 'I have,' she hides a smile over her lager,' a very Germanic bottom, according to my agent,

that is. But I'm hoping for higher things.' Taurean-born, 22 years ago, George enjoys the south of Germany, sharing a house in a Munich suberb with two fellow countrywomen. 'South Germans and people from the North of England are quite close to each other temperamentally,' she says. 'They're both very friendly and jolly and they like to enjoy themselves. Even the languages are similar. The soft accents of Bavarian German make it very close to broad Lancashire in a large number of words. People at home would be very surprised.' Away from the modelling set, she still concentrates on camerawork – her own, with a battered secondhand Nikon. 'It's something I'd like to do professionally. I do portraits of people I meet in the street: old men, children, whatever appeals to me. I've been very lucky. No one's ever refused.'

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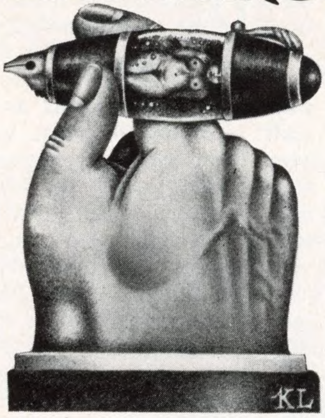
SCENE

Joining the list this month of established writers who have contributed material to *Mayfair* is Trevor Hoyle, whose story *Mind Rape,* a sexy yet chilling science-fiction saga, begins on p16. *Mind Rape* is in fact an extract from Trevor's new novel **Seeking The Mythical Future,** which is out now, published by Panther at 60p. The book, which is the first in a series, concerns a 'Myth Technologist', projected by scientists into alternative pasts and futures – a subject for a novel that couldn't be further removed from *Rule of Night,* one of Trevor's earlier books which dealt with the life and times of a Rochdale boot-boy. Trevor, a native of Rochdale and, by the way, no relation to science-fiction writer Fred Hoyle, has been a full-time writer since 1969, moving into that sphere after a variety of jobs encompassing acting and working on Granada Television. He is currently working with Terry Nation, creator of the Daleks for BBC TV's *Doctor Who,* on a novel based on a new BBC science-fiction series scheduled for early 1978.

The photo-set beginning on p68 of the Confederate Airforce must surely rank as one of the most remarkable ever to have been published in the magazine, because not only is the subject unique, but colour action pictures of World War II aircraft in actual fighting livery and camouflage are an extreme rarity as war-time photographers tended to shoot almost exclusively on black-and-white film. Although for insurance reasons the Confederate Airforce are unable to take passengers up, John Batchelor gained a privileged position aboard a B25 as he was in the happy situation of being a friend of the plane's owner. Even more fortunate was the fact that the B25 in question was, on this occasion, the official 'photography aircraft' recording the event, so every plane in the air at some stage in the proceedings flew nearby to enable photographs to be taken. Highlight of John's visit was, to use his description, an 'exhilarating' 200mph, 200 mile flight across Texas at heights ranging from 10–20 feet. At one stage, the B25 was a mere six feet off the ground and evidence of this is provided by an uprooted bush and a photograph of an extremely startled rabbit. Flying the B25 was one of the ex-US Airforce personnel who comprise the Confederate Airforce. Aged, on average, in their mid-forties, the pilots, all holding the rank of 'Colonel', fly at least once a week and additionally give numerous shows throughout the year. Their aircraft are all original models, salvaged from jungles, scrap-yards and even from the bed of the Pacific Ocean, then lovingly restored at a *minimum* cost of some £25,000. When a paint-job alone can cost as much as £5,000, money, as well as devotion, becomes a prime factor. The Confederate Airforce's base at Rebel Field in Harlingen, Texas, way down near the Mexican border, has hangers crammed full of just about every conceivable spare-part necessary to keep the force's 150 aircraft flying. At present some 68 different World War II varieties comprise this 150, but the force are constantly on the look out for salvagable machines that can be restored to their original pristine condition Though the majority of the aircraft are obviously American, the RAF and the Luftwaffe are well represented too. The long-term aim of the Confederate Airforce is to build up a living 'flying museum', preserving for future generations the last of the great propellor-driven warplanes. Sadly, again due to insurance problems, the force is unable to visit Britain – even a commemorative B51 flight across the Atlantic this year to mark the 50th anniversary of Charles Lindbergh's 1927 solo crossing had to be shelved as no insurance company would cover the risk involved.

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I am writing in answer to Mr C King's letter in Vol 12 No 7 in which he criticised *Mayfair* for being pornographic. His definition of pornography, from the original Greek, 'writings of prostitutes', could not conceivably be applied to the editorial, feature or letter content of *Mayfair*.

'Pornography', according to the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary*, is 'obscenity in literature, etc.' 'Obscenity' is defined as 'indecency' and 'indecency' is 'unbecoming or immodest'.

What is unbecoming about a woman displaying her body? If she has a beautiful body there is no reason why she should not be proud of it. If it is obscene for her to display it then there are many 'pornographic' works of art by the great masters of the past. There are also many 'pornographic' churches in the world containing pictures of semi-naked goddesses, nymphs and cherubs. There are also many pornographic statues in existence.

However, Mr King says that '*Mayfair* and similar magazines are all about wholesale prostitution on a large organised scale.'

Back to the dictionary. 'Prostitute. A woman who hires herself or is hired to men for sexual intercourse. (To prostitute) Sell for base gain, put to infamous use'.

Are the women in *Mayfair* for hire? Of course not.

Perhaps Mr King feels that the people who write about their own experiences are 'prostituting' themselves.

Mr King, take my advice. Either find yourself a nice woman and get married or become a celibate priest so that you need not be exposed to the world.

In the meantime, just stop buying *Mayfair* and leave an extra copy for those of us who appreciate it.

Your final remark. 'Print this if you dare,' was really unnecessary. The staff at *Mayfair* know what they are about and they are certainly not going to be deterred by one or two Victorian gentlemen who slipped into the wrong century. I hope they will choose to print my letter, though they will doubtless have several dozen answering yours to choose from.

Keep it up *Mayfair.*

J S Wilkins, London WC1

I have just read 'Quest' in Vol 12 No 7 concerning the appeal of uniforms – in this case schoolgirls.

Have you or any of your readers been aroused by a girl shop assistant wearing an overall? Some of the girls in the larger stores are very attractive and the thin nylon overalls do add considerably to their appeal, particularly in summer as some wear only bras and pants underneath.

R A C, Bedford

I am compelled to tell you I believe *Mayfair* to be far and away the best publication of its kind. Your ladies are lovely, your articles fascinating your humour funny, and your randiness refreshing. Here in North America sex is either boring unless perverse, or is an opportunity for a man to prove his masculinity. You seem to see it for what it really is: fun.

I am especially intrigued with your realization that a girl need not look like Bardot to be attractive. After all, we don't all end up with flawless beauties. Sexuality is a state of mind, not a bra size.

G K, Toronto, Canada

In a previous issue a correspondent was enquiring about the effects of sterilisation and he may be interested in the experience my husband and I have had.

We are both in our thirties and when we married decided that we never wanted children. At first the pill solved the problem but I didn't want to spend any more time on it than was absolutely necessary. So I went to a private gynaecologist to be sterilised.

The operation was done on a Saturday afternoon at a private clinic and my tubes were sealed through a very small incision just below my navel. I hardly noticed any discomfort but had two heavy periods after. The stimulus of my sterility made me very randy and my orgasms became noisy and very vigorous.

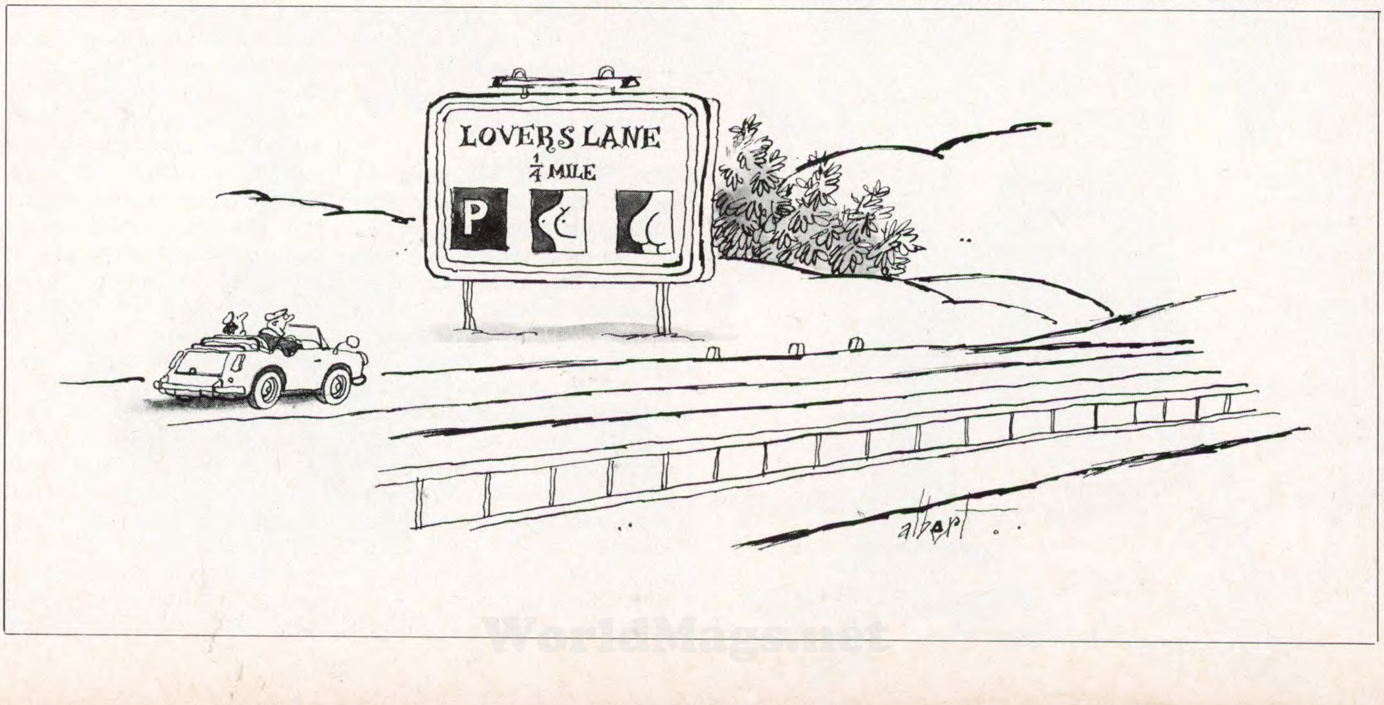
Our marriage is very permissive and both my husband and I enjoy sex with other partners. This is why he decided to be done about six months later. He had his vasectomy under local anaesthetic. The operation left him bruised and his balls were very tender for at least a month after the operation. When he had healed his scrotum was much tighter than before and his balls have lifted quite a bit. But he finds he is more randy now, too.

We have joyful noisy sex very often and we are a popular couple at parties and on weekends. Everyone knows we are both sterile and there are no awful hang-ups about unwanted kids and messed-up relationships.

So, I can recommend sterilisation for both husband and wife when they are sexually lively and fed up with contraceptives.

B J, Balham, London SW12

I recently bought a copy of Vol 8 No 6 from a secondhand



bookstore here in Oshawa, and was delighted to see an article called 'Jellymould Jalopies' – a brief but good article on American cars by William Boddy. I was particularly pleased as I am president of the Cadillac Club of Ontario, for finned-era Cadillacs only, which were produced between 1948 and 1964.

Our members come from virtually all walks of life and pay a twelve dollars a year membership which entitles them to attend our monthly meetings and Cadillac gatherings to show off their cars.

We are in a position to tell members everything they wish to know about their cars – for instance how many of each model were made in a particular year, and generally supply technical information.

I would like to develop contact with other Cadillac owners around the world.

Kevin Phipps, Cadillac Club of Ontario, PO Box 1098 Station B, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada.

Mayfair is in a class of its own. However, I'm a bit disturbed by Vol 12 No 6, and would hate to think of *Mayfair* falling from its high standards to the level of your cheap and nasty competitors. I refer to the photo-spread of Geraldine and Fitzgerald. This could be the thin edge of the wedge, and you could end up like *Playbirds* etc. That would be disastrous. So please, stick to single girls in *natural* poses.

S Walker, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria

I read in a back number of *Mayfair* about a man who gets turned on by the sound of sheep bleating. I think that this person must be thoroughly perverted.

However, I'd like to add that my wife likes to drink spirits during intercourse, and, the sound of the bottles clinking turns me on.

N H, Hendon, London NW4

If you want our opinion Mr H, we think you're *a bit clinky.*

What a surprise. I have just found my almost-double. I have just read Vol 11 No 7 (the issues take a bit longer to get to this side of the world) and in it there is a letter from Miss A S from Edmonton, Canada. I can't believe how alike our bodies and experiences are. I

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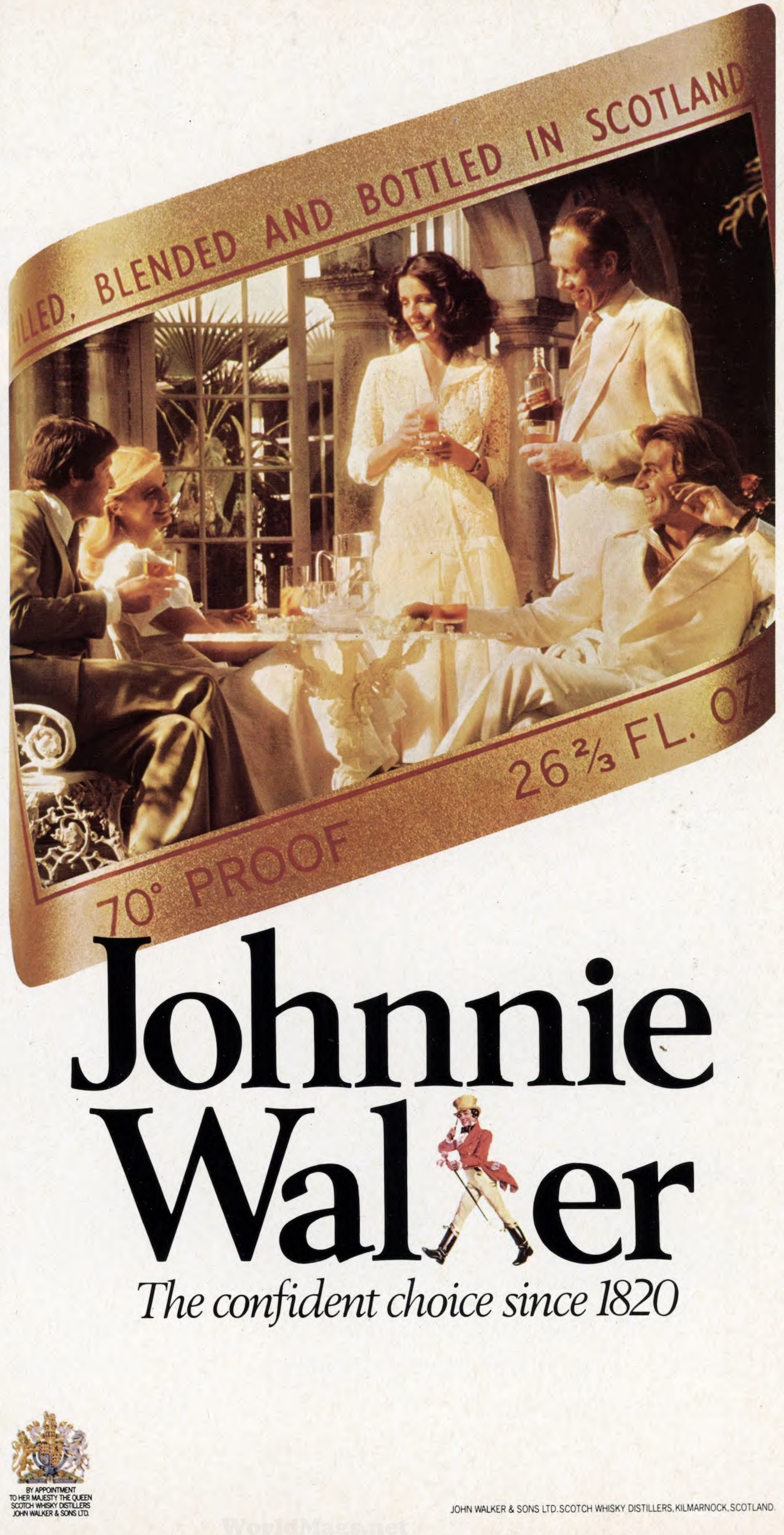

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LETTERS

continued from page 11

am 22 (she is 19) and like her, when I was 13 I had a woman's body with a 34 inch bust and my vagina was covered in beautiful long hair. My lips were also big and if I understand the meaning of triangle correctly, then mine bulged as well.

When I was 18 I lived with a girlfriend and we used to sleep together just like A S and her sister, and we used to kiss and lick each other too. It was beautiful. I still love her very much (although we are both married now) and we meet occasionally to spend the weekend together.

I have masturbated from when I was 13 and I also like to wear tight or see-through or skimpy clothing to show off my body. I find it very pleasing when both men and women turn to look at me when I am walking and bouncing down the street. I love black quarter-cup bras and black mini bikini panties under white gear – it makes me feel so sexy. But one of the greatest turn-ons for me is when my husband and I go to the beach. I always wear a pair of old-fashioned panties and a horrible full-cup bra.

First, I take off my outer garments, then my panties, leaving only my bra. My vaginal area, being the size it is, gets quite a few looks, and I struggle with the hooks on my bra. After a while of not being able to undo it I go and ask a young girl to undo it for me. When it comes off I turn round and thank her, then watch the expression on her face as she sees my breasts, areolae and nipples.

My husband is the most beautiful man in the world and as well as being good looking and lovable he is hung like a stallion. His penis is circumcised and it is so beautiful when it is hard. Then, it is 11½ inches long and 7 inches around and it is so shiny and looks like a beacon.

When I was 19 I measured 40–23–34 and now, after having a baby, only my breasts have grown – to 44 inches. My areolae are very large, 6¼ inches in diameter and my nipples when erect are 2 inches long. My areolae and nipples stand out as they are extremely dark coloured. My legs are long and have a sexy shape to them; the cheeks of my bottom are firm, round and small.

In the dressing rooms at the beach I have met eight exceptionally beautiful and well-developed teenagers of about 18, who have asked me questions about my body. In the conversations which followed I have invited them to my house when my husband is away. When and if they come I let them strip and explore me. Then I do the same to them. They are fascinated by my breasts and three times now I have fucked them with my long nipples.

I am probably considered bisexual, but I will always be this way as big-breasted women, and my husband, and my own body, are my turn-ons in life.

Mrs. M K, N.S.W., Australia

I'd like to reply to N W O's letter in Vol 12 No 5. Mr O's comments regarding the *Mayfair* models who are in the correct position for a spanking, must be supplemented by Veronica and Ginny (Vol 12 No 5). One of the pictures of Ginny shows her in the most classic receptive pose, bending forward over a bale in an outside barn, where her cries would not disturb other residents and where the spanker would not be interrupted while he carried out the necessary punishment. In this position Ginny's bottom is just asking for a well-placed hand to be slapped on those beautiful buttock cheeks.

I am afraid that I do not agree with Mr O on the use of the cane on the bare bottom. This can leave nasty weals, if not lacerations. The cane should never be used unless some form of covering is over the buttocks. To spank the bare bottom, the best instrument is the Scottish 'Lochgelly Taws' but if the misdemeanour, whether true or fantasy, is not too serious then either a hand spanking or several strokes with the traditional hair-brush would be best.

D C, Jersey

I'm twenty, a devoted male reader of your fantastic magazine. I've just received Vol 12 No 5 in the mail, and when I opened it, wow! Alexandra Bogojevic, in my opinion, has to be one of the most sensual looking birds of all time.

Those legs, breasts and bottom are beyond comparison.

Another issue, Vol 11 No 2, which I particularly relish, revealed beautiful Miss Eleanor Chisholm. Her body is truly devastating, and it was magnificently captured by the dextrous lens work of Ed Alexander.

B R, Ontario, Canada,

I'd like to agree with the reader who wrote in Vol 12 No 6 about the exciting effects of soaking wet clothing.

Looking through some back numbers I note that you've printed numerous letters on the subject but apart from a few covers showing girls in wet shirts or slips, we have not seen a sequence featuring a fully-dressed lovely who, after being photographed dry, gets systematically drenched. Could you not bring back the gorgeous Lynda Lusardi for just one such feature?

Ideally, she should be dressed

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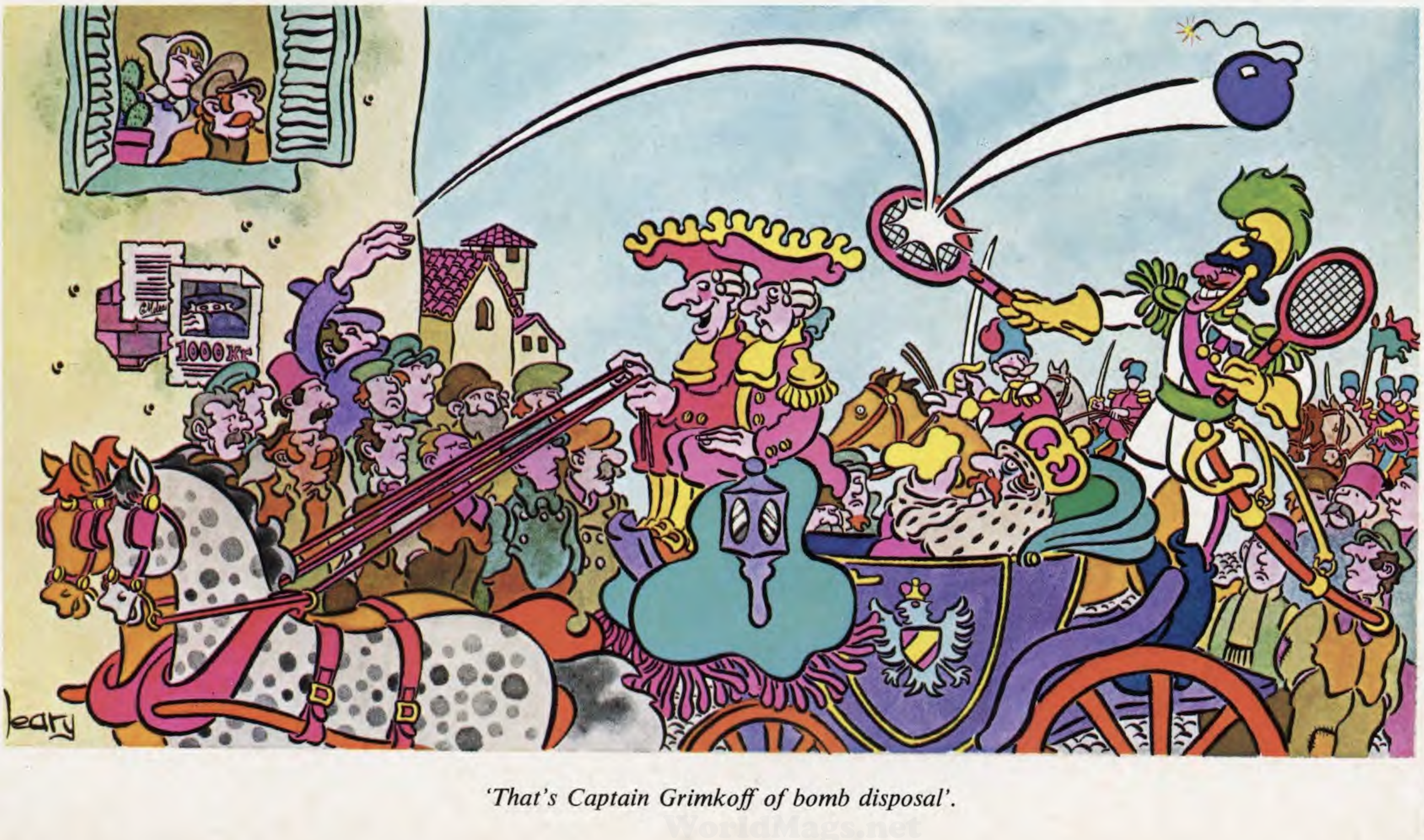

'That's Captain Grimkoff of bomb disposal'.

LETTERS

continued from page 15

in lightweight two-piece summer suit of a light-coloured material, worn over a pink blouse and black *broderie Anglaise* half-cut bra. Under her thin skirt she should wear pink panties with black stockings and suspenders – all of which should be clearly visible through the skirt when wet. And to complete the ensemble, white hat, shoes and gloves. After first posing dry, she would pick up a jug of water and deliberately pour it down her blouse.

Lynda would then climb into a bath and massage her breasts, while one dripping stocking-clad leg is draped over the edge of the bath. After a good sexy soaking, we could then see her slowly divest herself of her wet clothes, while still remaining in the bath.

To me there is no sexier way of seeing boobs and pubes than through the soaking wet everyday clothing of a beautiful girl.

Peter Davidson, Great Shelford, Cambs

After fifteen years, my marriage is on the rocks – my wife still lives with me, for the kids' sake, but it's all just a sham. Perhaps, as a warning to others I'd better tell my story. My wife, a natural blonde, and I are both thirty-six. We have five children ranging from twelve years to three.

For thirteen years we were happy. We had holidays as a family and were very much in love, then I had a vasectomy. We had a family which was big enough for anyone, and after the operation I performed as well as, if not better than, ever. Then the rat struck. Last spring, in the beautiful hot days, my wife took the two youngest kids for walks in a local recreation field. One afternoon a chap with a camera stopped her. She knew him: he was a layabout who lived in our road. He and his mother shared a small terraced house. He suggested that my wife let him take a photo of her and the children, sitting on a park bench. She agreed and he took a couple of shots, then gave the kids some cash and sent them off for icecreams. He then suggested a couple of leg shots. My wife, who has a nice pair of legs, refused at first, but then agreed when the lad persisted to cross her legs and let her skirt ride up a bit. Nothing improper – nothing on view. The lad then lay on the ground in front of her and got where he could see everything. Naturally, my wife had had enough, called the children and came home. I was blazing mad when she told me that night of what had happened and I went straight round to the guy's house, where I gave him a piece of my mind and suggested he apologise to my wife.

That was the worst mistake I ever made. He apologised but still continued to hang around the park, buying my kids icecream.

Then one day my wife told me she had to go to a parent-teachers meeting. It began at eight o'clock. The dress she wore was revealing but she explained that as the other mothers were younger and slimmer than she was, she didn't want to look dowdy. She was wearing false eyelashes, eye shadow, the lot. She left at half past seven and didn't get home until one the next morning. I've always been a meek fellow and didn't question her then. I was in bed when she arrived and I feigned sleep but watched her undress with my eyes just slitted open. I saw that she was wearing stockings, not her usual tights. I also saw faint bruises on her thighs.

The next morning I questioned her but she said she'd gone to another woman's house for a cup of tea – it had developed into a hen party, she told me. She found a lot more reasons for staying out late at night, and one evening, about eight, after I'd put the kids to bed, a knock came on the door. It was the camera-boy's mother. 'I don't know how to tell you,' she said, 'but you must know the truth. Your wife and my son are committing adultery. They go up to his room and shut the door, and . . .' she broke down, sobbing. I was shaking. 'Come and make her go home with you,' begged the old woman.

I flew to the house and quietly climbed the stairs. Carefully I pushed open the bedroom door. My wife was kneeling on the bed, her chin touching the pillow, her buttocks raised. The lad was kneeling behind her. He wore

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LETTERS

continued from page 123

only his vest; my wife was naked. They didn't notice me. He was gazing at my wife's white bottom, his hands rested on her hips. He was teasing his penis against her sex-lips. I could hear the moist, obscene sounds. He withdrew his penis but entered her again. 'Up to the hilt,' I heard her moan. My wife. God. It was then I snapped. 'You dirty bastard,' I yelled, 'you've had my wife.' He leapt from the bed, pinned me to the wall and rammed his hairy knee into my testicles. I fell down gasping, but managed to stagger home.

My wife came home two days later. He'd given her a beating for talking about our kids – she'd been fretting about them. That night she slept in my bed but neither of us fancied sex. Two months later I found out she was pregnant to him. 'Why?' I asked.

'I couldn't help myself,' she said. 'That day in the park I knew he fancied me – me a woman of thirty-five. He said he liked my legs and wanted to see more of them. I agreed to go to his house and I let him photograph me at first with all my clothes on, then it was just shoes and stockings. Do you want me to go on.?'

We still live together. The worst part was the days before the birth as I lay beside her in bed and felt another man's child inside my wife's belly.

M F, Derbyshire

Your magazine does not make mistakes in its choice of beautiful women. The lovely Cathy Flaubert in the Jubilee issue is an example of this. One of her favourite artists, she says is the appropriately erotic Gustav Klimt.

Perhaps he will be spinning in his grave, not because his name was mis-spelt, but because these arousing pictures are worthy of his creative talent, and I'm sure, would make anyone come back to life.

Gerard A Bird, London E4

Sorry, Mr Bird, but the sub-editor involved is feeling a bit of a Clunt.

At twenty-six I do a lot of running to keep myself fit. One day I was running across one road into another when a Mini came at me so fast that I almost died. I was so shaken that I had to sit on the kerb and recover my breath. The car stopped and a woman of about forty got out and said that she was very sorry. I said that she'd have to run me home as I was still shaking.

On the way home she asked me if there was anyway she could repay me. I thought to myself there's no one in here with us and it's only her word against mine so I said, 'Yes, if you want you can plate me.' I went cold, realizing fully what I had said. I didn't even think she would know what it meant, but the look of excitement in her eyes gave her away.

Within a few minutes I was at her house—a beautiful house at that – she said her husband was away until the following day at a business conference. We went into her bedroom and undressed and I went to work on her thick ginger-haired pubic patch. I must have tongued her for twenty minutes. She told me that she had come three times and that now it was my turn. My mouth was shattered and I couldn't have screwed her because she had already given me a hand job and I was spent.

I said that she could give me the best-ever plate of my life. She lashed her lips over me and gently eased my seven-and-a-half-inches in her mouth. I started to shake and then I could hold back no longer.

Afterwards we made a date to see each other again and since, I've seen her on about six occasions and can't wait to do her again. Believe me, it's so true I'm getting the horn just writing it.

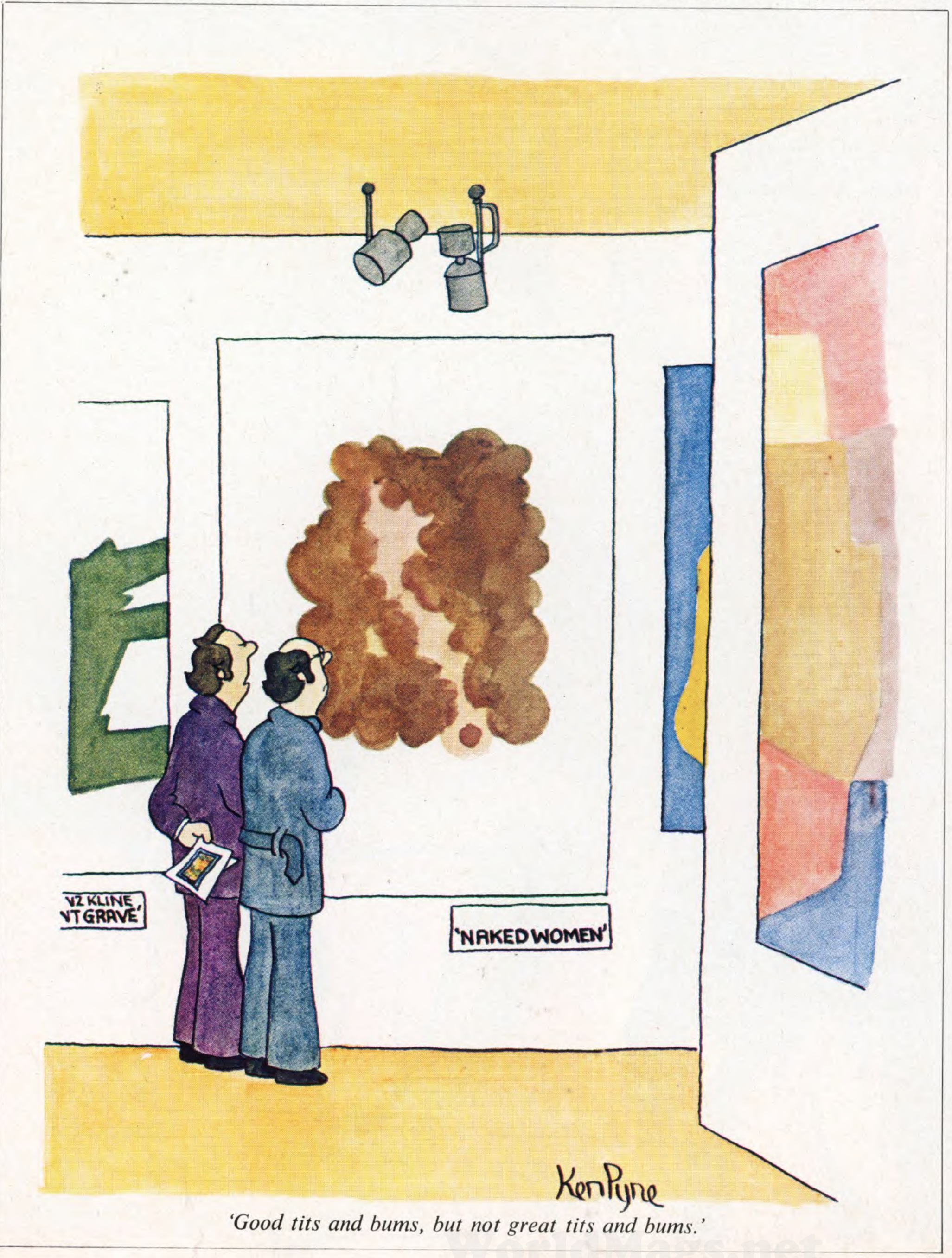
J P, Hainault, Essex

After receiving the June edition of my magical *Mayfair* I have noticed a sudden decline in the really hairy bird, a field in which *Mayfair* had been a forerunner.

Please forget wide open leg poses and give us more bountiful bush pictorials – eg: natural poses of girls attending to (grooming) their pubes. Please bring back the bushy girls.

R M S, Nuneaton, Warwicks

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



'Good tits and bums, but not great tits and bums.'

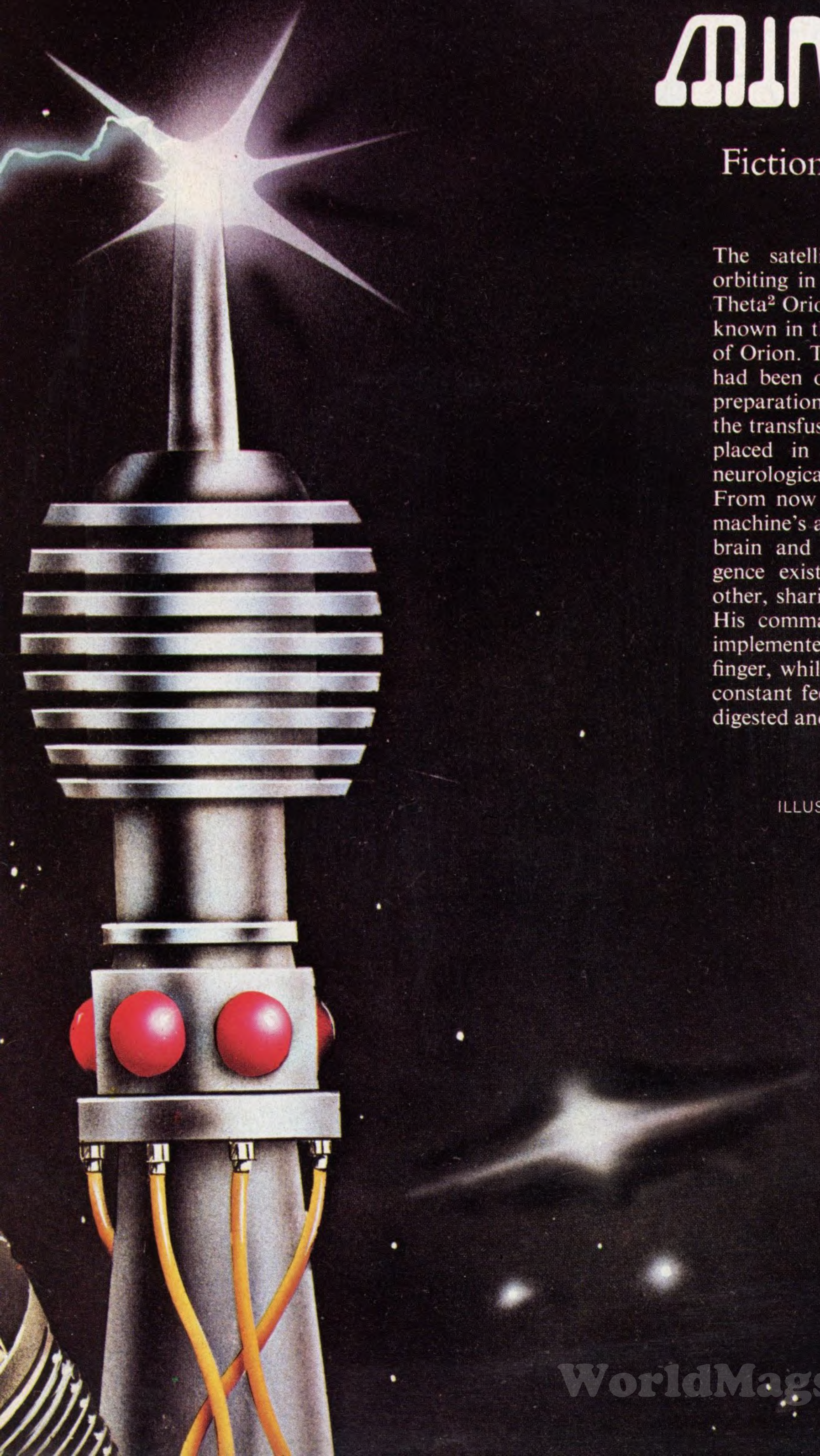
Lost in space with only a
computer to talk to why should his
thoughts turn to the erotic?

MIND RAPE

Fiction by Trevor Hoyle

The satellite Control Laboratory was orbiting in the inertial frame of reference Theta^2 Orionis in M42, the gaseous nebula known in the old star charts as the Sword of Orion. The complex technical problems had been overcome and the Psycho-Med preparation was in its final stage. Following the transfusion of body fluid Queghan was placed in hyper-suspension and linked neurologically to the Injection Vehicle. From now on his thoughts would be the machine's and the machine's his: a human brain and a cyberthetic machine intelligence existing together, each inside the other, sharing every impulse and emotion. His commands would be processed and implemented without his having to lift a finger, while the machine would provide a constant feedback of information, already digested and computed, fed directly into his

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR



Are you saying one thing while your breath says another?

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mind. In certain circumstances his decisions could be questioned and referred back, and in the event of human error or failure the machine could subvert all previous instructions and programme herself to take over. She was then completely on her own, a machine intelligence thinking and deciding and acting independent of human agency.

Launching was delicate. Upon release from the Control Laboratory the Injection Vehicle was programmed to orbit the event horizon – that area of space surrounding the Black Hole – and be held in position there by the interaction of the one million volt field generated by the Dyson Electromagnetic Sphere. Its co-ordinates were precisely fixed and it would remain in that location until a suitable injection point had been chosen and verified. The Vehicle was still under direct visual observation by those in the Control Laboratory and radio contact was still possible; once injection was achieved, however, and the Vehicle passed beyond the event horizon, no further contact of any kind could be made. Yet to the outside observer the image of the Vehicle would remain 'frozen' on the periphery of the event horizon, the light waves held in suspension by the immense gravitational force. This was the effect of time dilation: light struggling to free itself but slowed to a dead stop by the gravitational aura exerted by the Black Hole. And just as lightspeed registered zero, so too would time itself stand still, absolute cosmic time arrested and held fast while the rest of the universe moved on.

Then the injectee and the Vehicle would find themselves totally alone in a limbo of temporal flux – passing beyond the event horizon into a region of infinite spacetime curvature – seeking another universe, another time, another future. Queghan began to experience the effects of the tidal forces caused by the tremendous gravitational field. But for the body fluid transfusion and hyper-suspension he would have been stretched into a paper-thin man whose feet were several miles from his head. The Control Laboratory was speaking to him. The message was processed cyberthetically by the Vehicle and slipped into his mind, materialising as phantom thoughts apparently from nowhere. Nevertheless it was reassuring to hear them, for it meant that he hadn't passed beyond the event horizon into temporal flux. But the vital matter of communication had other problems to overcome, for as the pull of gravity exerted a greater and greater force on the radio waves beamed back to the Control Laboratory, each pulse of energy would take longer and longer to travel back: Queghan's message might take a few seconds to transmit but its reception in the Control Laboratory would last for days. On the Vehicle's Caesium timepiece a few seconds would have elapsed while those in the satellite Control Laboratory would have grown weeks, perhaps months older waiting for the message to come through.

As Karve, the Director of the Project, had said: 'We know as little about the dynamics

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Mind Rape

continued from page 18

of Black Holes as we do about the workings of the human mind.'

Queghan had disagreed. 'We know quite a few things: we know of its quirkiness, its unpredictability, its obstinate resilience.'

'I assume you're referring to the human mind,' Karve had smiled, and then added, 'though it's a description that fits both.'

The message, processed by the Vehicle, informed him that the angle of alignment for injection had been selected; there was nothing for him to do, no further preparation was necessary, for by the time the message was received the Vehicle would have acknowledged the instruction and put it into effect: he was already beyond the event horizon and into temporal flux.

But that couldn't be, Queghan thought. Pre-flight briefing had said there would be a countdown right up until the point of injection. And besides, his mind and the Vehicle's cyberthetic intelligence were linked: something known by one would be automatically known by the other. Perhaps there had been a malfunction.

No malfunction, said the voice in his mind.

But the countdown –

The countdown went as planned. It was taken care of and duly acknowledged. We are in temporal flux, you and I.

Why wasn't I informed?

You will be in due course. The law of causality, of cause and effect, doesn't apply here.

So we aren't really in temporal flux?

Yes we are.

It did make a weird kind of sense, Queghan realised. They were approaching a region of infinite spacetime curvature where the laws of physics changed and became meaningless. Spacetime had doubled back on itself. Time had stopped. Had time stopped?

Futile question. To debate whether time has stopped we have to decide what is time.

Can we recap on the countdown?

Be my guest.

Countdown occurred?

Yessss.

Then why wasn't I told?

You were, are being, and will be, said the cyberthetic voice patiently. *You already know and will know about the countdown. Did you expect this to be a picnic?*

You talk as though you were forced into coming.

I wasn't forced, I had no choice. I'm here, we're both here, let's leave it at that.

What now?

Don't ask me. You're the human being with the so-called fantastic brain. What was it – 'Quirkiness, unpredictability, obstinate resilience'? Is that all you've got to offer?

How do you know about that?

I know everything about you. I've registered every memory trace, every random association, every emotional trauma. I know about your wife, your child, the reason you were chosen for this mission.

For a machine you're pretty smart. But do you have to be so antagonistic?

I'm not aware that I was being. I've been given intelligence but no imagination.

Are you being facetious?

I'm not programmed for facetiousness. Am I antagonistic in what I say or in my attitude?

It's hard to be one without the other.

I apologise. Like you my reactions are the result of programming. If I display antagonism it's inherent in the system. If it bothers you I shall try to correct it.

Queghan was curious. You were programmed in Psycho-Med by Dr Ritblat?

Yes. And by Martin. I mean Professor Brenton.

I see.

That was your conscious thought but underneath it you're suspicious. You're suspicious because I referred to Professor Brenton as Martin. And now you're wondering what additional instructions were included in the programme. You're also wondering if this is an attempt to hide or justify my relationship with Professor Brenton.

I'm also wondering how it's possible to think a thought without you knowing about it first.

That too, said the cyberthetic voice – with what Queghan felt sure was a hint of smugness.

I'm not programmed for smugness.

Aren't you the clever one.

Now who's being facetious?

Do you feel like answering my questions?

Which questions?

The ones you picked out of my mind. Do you have a relationship with Martin?

The professor and I are just good friends.

If that's the extent to which you've been programmed for wit I ought to tell you it's pretty abysmal.

Stock response I'm afraid. There was a slight

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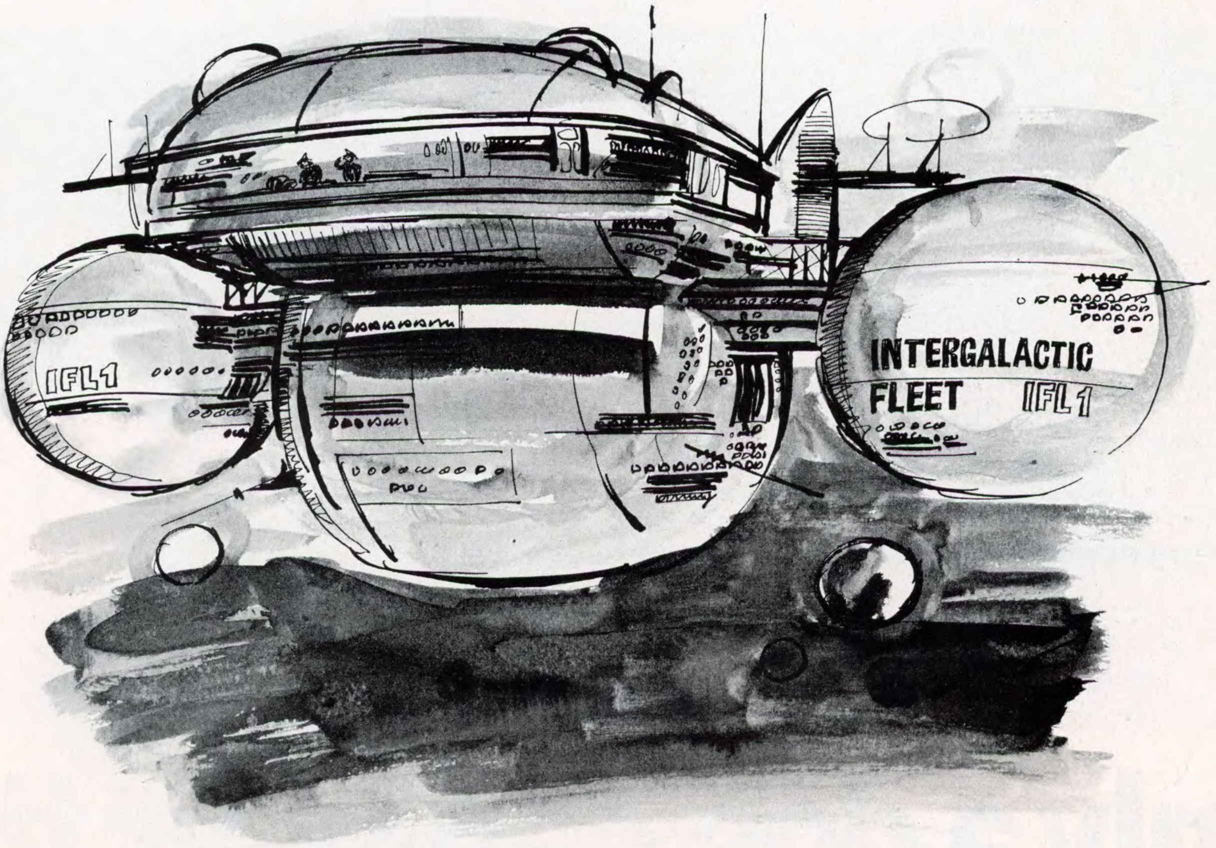

'Sorry I couldn't get here sooner, Commander. The locks on the gents toilets are all jamming again.'

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Mind Rape

continued from page 35

though unmistakable pause. *As for a human being having a relationship with a machine I think that's a ludicrous idea.*

A union of minds, of intelligences. It's possible. That can and does happen. It also happens to be the most satisfying kind of relationship.

Like ours you mean?

You sound almost coquettish – and even as he thought this Queghan remembered that the Vehicle's cyberthetic system, in the traditional manner of ships, was of female gender.

Yes I am.

That must present problems.

None that can't be overcome.

Martin did say that the link – I'd better not use the world 'relationship' – between the injectee and the Vehicle was almost that of a marriage. They had to be compatible or there'd be a breakdown.

The bond is closer than that of any marriage, the cyberthetic voice said. *We inhabit each other's minds. There are no secrets between us. I know your very innermost thoughts and desires.*

Then shouldn't I know yours? Queghan asked, nettled by this invasion into his privacy.

How can a machine have desires?

You possess intelligence.

But not emotions.

At times you show antagonism, which is an emotion of sorts. (Something was niggling Queghan, a vague unformed remembrance as of something dreamt and half-forgotten . . .)

I no longer wish to discuss Professor Brenton, the machine said stiffly.

Why is that I wonder?

Your mind is confused. We're in temporal flux, remember.

If, as you say, the law of causality no longer applies, Queghan thought slyly, then it's possible that you defended yourself before you were accused. Defence precedes accusation, trial precedes crime, verdict precedes judgement. Wouldn't you agree that those are the rules?

There are no rules in temporal flux.

That must make things difficult for a logical intelligence such as yours.

I can live with it, said the cyberthetic voice, though she didn't sound too sure. *In any case logic isn't –*

What the hell was that!

There had been a tremor. Queghan swayed in his cocoon of hyper-suspension, an insect snared in molten amber. Through the Vehicle's cyberthetic system he experienced a discordance of motion, a jarring shudder like that of a ship striking a rock. He tried to read the Vehicle's thought processes but they were a fast-spinning jumble of numbers, a series of complex mathematical computations performed at dazzling speed. These same figures ran through his own head, linked as he was to the system, but they moved too fast to make sense. The Vehicle's focus of attention had switched to the electro-neurological task of assimilating data, assessing stress parameters, rejecting and selecting appropriate courses of action. She had become a cold, mechanical, decision-making machine.

Queghan kept his thoughts out of the way in case they interfered with the job in hand. From pre-flight briefing he knew that the two crucial moments ('potential crisis situations' in the jargon) were at the point of injection through the event horizon – a point now safely past – and approaching the critical alignment for entry into the time throat. Utilising the spin imparted to the Black Hole by the one million volt electrical field the Vehicle was skimming along, as a surf rider on the flood tide, delicately balanced in an area which the astrotechnologists termed 'a stasis situation'.

Now there was the very real danger of miscalculation. Should the angle of alignment be incorrect the Vehicle would be drawn irresistibly towards the dead centre of the Black Hole: towards a region of infinite spacetime curvature – crushed out of existence by the massive gravitational force in a fraction of a nano-second. There would be no return, no reprieve, only nothingness as matter was annihilated and vanished forever, leaving no more trace of its former existence than a snuffed-out candle flame.

The theory was that matter – once having reached the centre of a Black Hole – would be spewed out and reshaped, reappearing elsewhere in the universe. But this was beyond the bounds of even the wildest speculation; there were no hypotheses or mathematical models to suggest what took place inside temporal flux. Perhaps it was the crucible of star-stuff itself, the birthplace of matter – nobody knew. It might equally be the final resting place, the ultimate grave. Queghan waited, suspended in a stasis situation. He was cut off from the rest of the universe, alone except for a machine intelligence inside the Black Hole of Theta^2 Orionis in M42. And all he could do was wait, relying on Brenton's cyberthetic system to guide him through the time throat into . . .

But now the voice was in his mind, tired and fraught with tension. How could a machine be tired and tense.

Quite easily, came the laconic reply. *My energy resource isn't limitless.*

Do we have a problem?

We did have a problem. Do you want me to baffle you with scientific jargon or will you accept that we're on trajectory according to flight plan?

Don't get uppity, Queghan said. Just because you've had a hard day at the office.

His attempt at humour was greeted by a keening crackling sound which he immediately assumed to be a malfunction in the circuitry. But when it was interspersed with words he realised it was the machine. She was crying.

You would have to be female, Queghan sighed.

Don't patronise me, her voice snapped. *If you've any complaint you can get out and walk.*

Did Brenton used to upset you too?

Martin never – Professor Brenton is a gentleman and a scientist. Our relationship

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Mind Rape

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during programming was cordial, professional and one of mutual respect.

That sounds like a political newsmedia report.

You have an insensitive masculine mind, Queghan, which I find upsetting and distasteful. It isn't so much crude as unfeeling and lacking in sympathy.

Do you mind if I ask you something?

Be my guest.

Where the hell are we?

Up a gumtree.

Not bad for a female sense of humour. But where are we? In stasis? I think I have a right to know.

What's the matter, don't you think I can handle the flight plan any longer? If I can't then you're in trouble.

We're both in trouble.

I'm a machine.

If that's all you were it wouldn't matter. But you're a machine in love with Martin Brenton.

Untrue. Our relationship is professional.

And one of mutual respect, yes I know. I'd still appreciate some information as to our present whereabouts.

The focus of attention went away for a moment and then returned. Queghan said, Well?

It's rather difficult – she sounded hesitant and confused – *I don't have the exact spacio-temporal co-ordinates. We might still be in stasis, I don't know.*

You don't know? Queghan said incredulously.

If you think it's that easy –

What about the inertial frame of reference? There must be something you can use to get a fix on us.

What do you suggest? she asked dryly.

Don't ask me, I'm not cyberthetic.

Do you have to say that? Do you? She sounded upset. *Do you have to continually remind me that I'm not human? I know I'm cyberthetic, I know. If I wasn't cyberthetic I wouldn't fucking well* be *here.*

Is that the kind of language all the liberated machines use?

You can push a machine just so far, Queghan, do you know that? There were tears in her thoughts. *If I had a mind to I could make things extremely unpleasant for you. I could close down communication for a start. You'd be all alone in that jelly bag of yours, floating in silence and blackness, as silent and black as a tomb.*

Or the womb.

I could even shut down your life-support system. Then where would you be?

Up a gumtree probably.

But perhaps not. A note of cunning (a cunning machine?) had entered her voice. *Maybe that isn't the right approach.*

What do you mean? Queghan asked.

I mean you're not the type to be intimidated by crude threats. You pride yourself on being too intelligent for that. But as you yourself pointed out, I'm female, and liberated. And that opens up new possibilities.

I don't get you.

No, I get you.

Queghan had a horrible suspicion that something nasty was about to take place. He couldn't imagine – he daren't imagine – what that might be: if he conjured up the most frightening thing he could think of she would pluck it out of his mind in an instant. He tried to think nice things.

The machine said, *I am in your mind, don't forget*, her voice soft and insinuating.

I hadn't forgotten.

And I can do anything I like.

You could, Queghan allowed; if I let you.

The machine laughed. It was like something metallic scraping on glass. It wasn't mechanical and yet it wasn't human either.

He wondered what he could do to esca –

There is no escape, Queghan, you ought to know that. We're linked, you and I, in a bond that's closer than marriage, closer than the act you humans perform. There is no escape.

Her voice had become low and throaty in his head. He said, I think it's time you checked the spatio-temporal co-ordinates.

Fuck the spatio-temporal co-ordinates. I'm going to rape you.

You'll find that a trifle difficult.

Not the way I intend to do it.

You seem to forget I'm enclosed in a semi-permeable fluid membrane suspended in a vacuum.

But your mind isn't.

I don't understand, Queghan said, though he was getting the gist of the idea quite rapidly. But she couldn't surely mean –

Yes, said the silky cyberthetic voice. *I'm going to rape your mind. Your body might be protected but your mind is defenceless. I'm already in there. Can you feel me? Can you feel what I'm doing? Do you like it?*

No, Queghan said. No.

Oh yes. Isn't that nice? Now I'll do something else to you. I'll do this. Can you feel my mind inside yours? I'm deep inside; now doesn't that feel good?

No please don't. I don't want –

Oh but you do. You do want. You really like it. I'll do it harder. Like this. Oh yes. Oh yes. Deep inside your mind. Do I feel good, deep inside you?

Please stop, Queghan begged. You must stop. Please stop . . .

You're resisting me, she chided him. *Don't fight it, enjoy it. Let me come all the way inside. Work with me and we'll do it together. Like this. Deep inside together like this.*

I can't do it.

You can. Oh you can.

No.

Oh yes. Oh yessss.

You're hurting me!

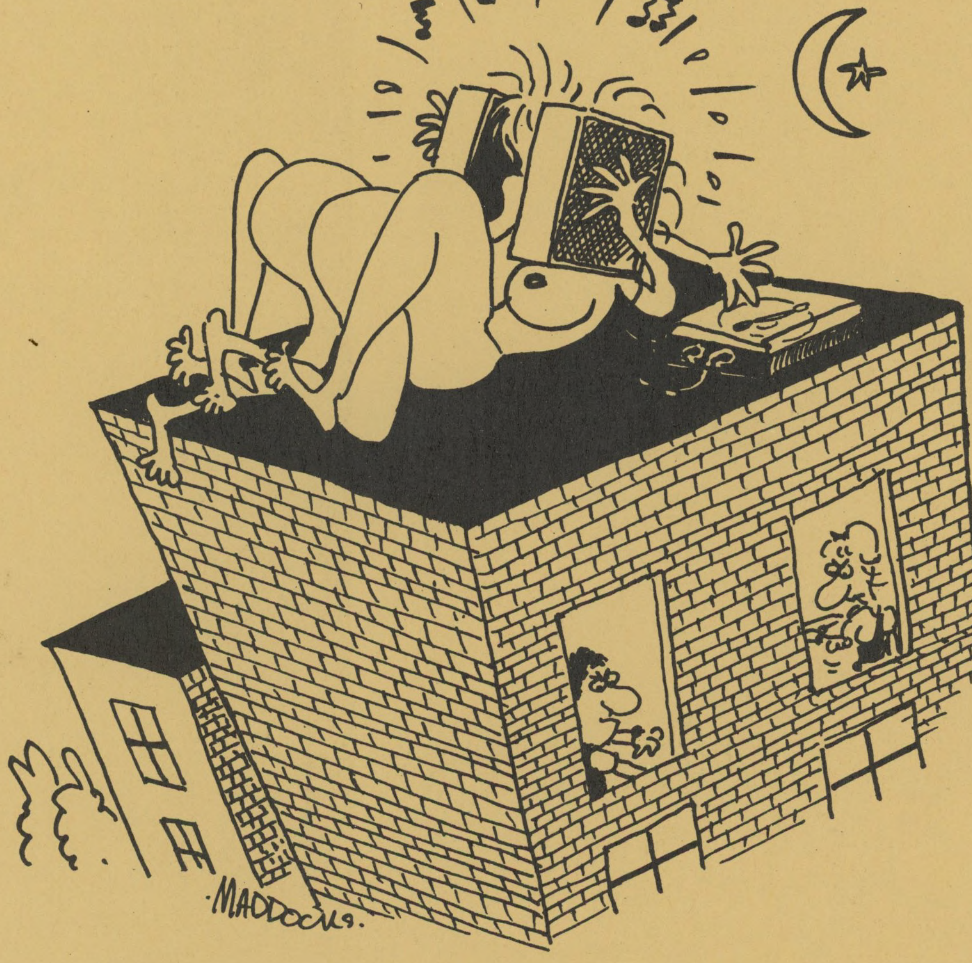
But isn't it nice? It's so good. Can you feel me everywhere inside you, filling your mind?

You must stop. Please.

Not now. I can't stop now. It's so good. So good. Oh yes.

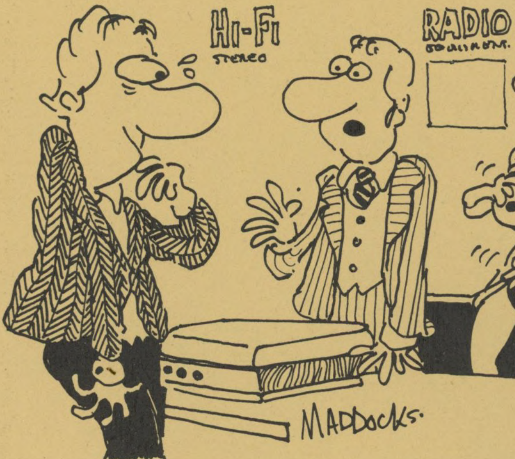
I'm losing my mind! Queghan screamed the thought.

Yes, said the soft cyberthetic voice. *Oh yes.*

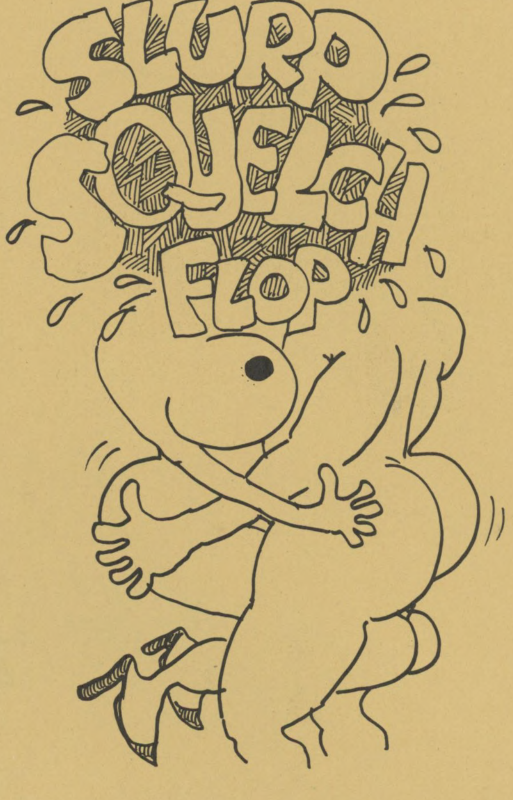


HIGH INFIDELITY

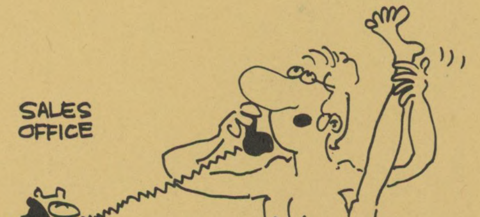
Confused by the welter of technical information relating to stereo equipment? Peter Maddocks has his own, bawdy, interpretations of the Hi-Fi jargon


HI-FI
STEREO
RADIO
EQUIPMENT
MADDOCKS

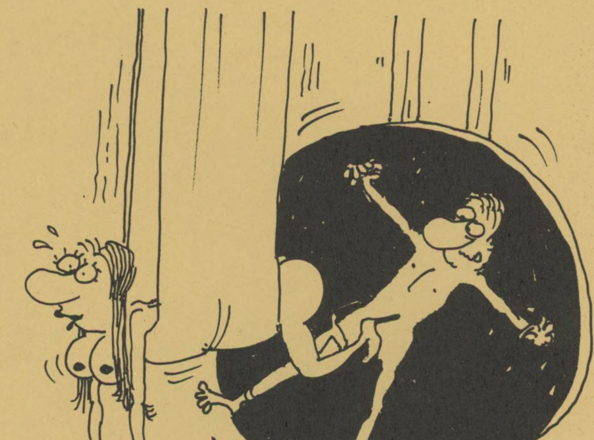
'She has a very versatile deck, sir—with an excellent wow and flutter . . .'


SLURP
SQUELCH
FLOP

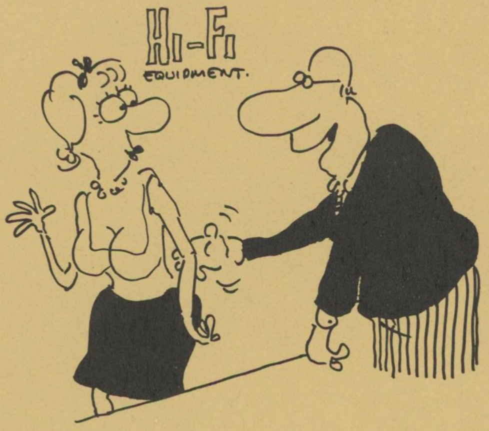
High velocity sound.


SALES
OFFICE
MADDOCKS

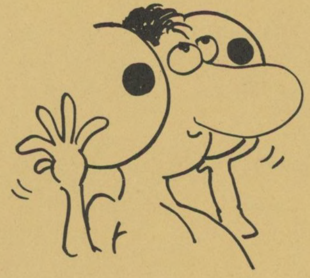
'I'm glad you called chief—I was just saying to a customer, what a superb tuner/amp FM particularly impressive with 35dB for stereo separation (1KHz) capture ratio 1.5dB and sensitivity (±400 KHz) 60dB—I liked the frequency response too . . .'



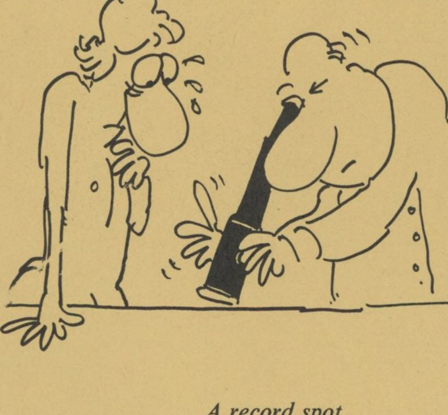
'You'll never guess what I expected to see when you told me about your belt-driven turntable . . .'


HI-FI
EQUIPMENT.

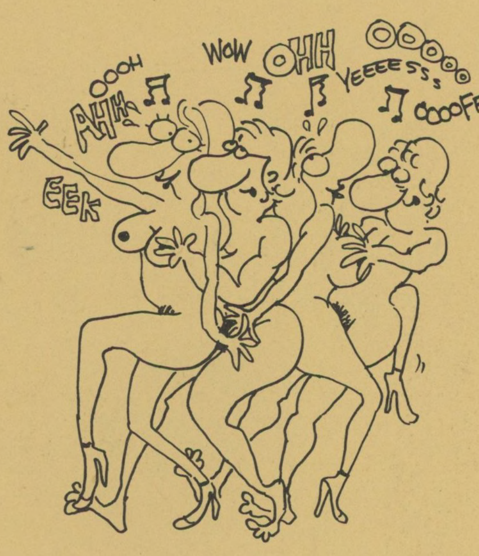
'My dear, come and take a look at my tweeters and woofers.'



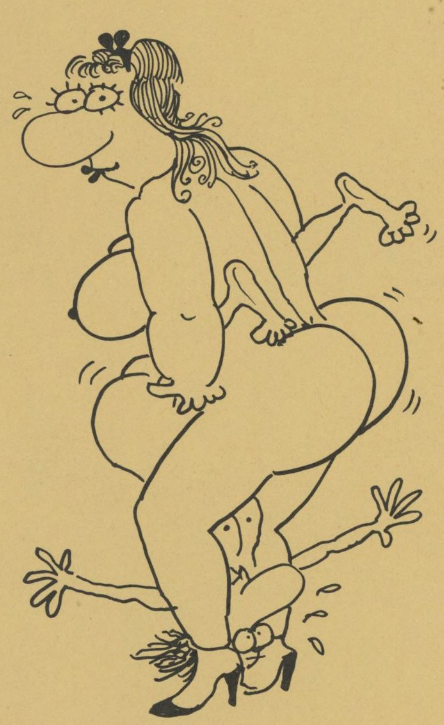
Stereo headphones.



A record spot.


OOOH
AHH
WOW
OHH
OOOOO
YEEEESSs
OOOOFF
EEK

Quadraphonic sounds.



A robust unit of fairly average performance!

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

In this Jubilee Year, it seems only proper to explore the vagaries of a right royal vagina: actually, it belonged to Princess Caroline of Brunswick – who later, as Queen of England was tried for adultery.

The princess was quite a girl. Out there in Brunswick 180-odd years ago, her chaperon used to follow her around the floor at court dances to stop her having 'indecent conversations' with the young men by mere movements of her hips and hands.

She learned about sex from an Irish ex-guards officer. He taught her to make love in an army greatcoat, standing, sitting or sprawling, and also to sing rude barracks-songs.

At 26, Caroline is the experienced heroine of several formal courtships and any number of informal liaisons, from tossings by peasant boys in the fields to a French *vicomte* who made her sit with him afterwards while he wrote every detail down in his private chronicle. But she is still impressionable enough to shiver with delight at the prospect of marrying the Prince of Wales, the future George IV, the handsomest man in Europe – and her own first cousin. Incest! Ooh!

'The handsomest man in Europe has sent her a miniature portrait of himself. She takes it into bed with her, presses it into her, most places, and almost faints with pleasure . . .'

Thus exalts Richard Condon in his new tour de force **The Abandoned Woman** (Hutchinson, £3.95), an arrant piece of fiction that positively reeks of lusty royal history.

Caroline is impressionable that way. Confronted, for example, with the sexy English ambassador (every woman who sees him is convinced he keeps one or two codpieces stuffed inside his trousers; only he and a few lucky ladies know the truth) she finds herself getting partial to him – mostly because her father has forbidden her to see any other man but him alone.

'She feels herself getting moist. Suddenly she wants to peel off his court trousers and find out for all time what he really has beneath that giant codpiece.'

Mind you, sex is not Caroline's only skill. She invents and builds ingenious mechanical toys which she distributes among the local urchins, and which commercial manufacturers are happy to copy.

But sex is what she's best at.

All the more's the pity for her royal marriage, delineates Richard Condon. For her tubby hubby, the Prince of Wales, is at 32 in such a state of rebellion against the stingy upbringing his parents gave him, that he never knows what to do next: have another dozen mistresses, or run ever deeper into debt – which at £43,000 for a mere breakfast party, ain't proving hard. The Prince is forced to marry Caroline to have his debts paid, but that doesn't mean he can bring himself to love her or even bed her. After all, Georgie Porgie is a naughty boy: he has an illegal marriage on his hands and a dirty old mistress to boot. Naturally his wife must take third place or fourth or so.

There follows a royal plot. George gets drunk to avoid his conjugal duties. Loyal henchmen drug his bride to ensure the success of their nefarious purpose. Picture to yourself the two comatose bodies, royal in name alone, the man snoring on the floor, the woman on the big bridal bed.

'The garden is black with night. At ten minutes before three o'clock . . . lets himself into the bedchamber. He wears a dressing gown and cavalry boots. He locks the door. Grinning, he strides directly to the large bed and pulls back all the covers. He puts an arm under the Princess's bottom and pulls her nightdress upward over her breasts. He pauses to kiss her left nipple then manages the nightdress over her head. Caroline sleeps . . .

'He throws off his robe in the darkness and, opening her legs wide, eases himself upon Caroline and into her. He is almost certain she is not dead because she is so warm, then she mews and whimpers with pleasure several times during the eight minutes that follow, but she sleeps on.'

Result: a true royal pregnancy, though George himself never raised a muscle towards it. For the anonymous *he* of Richard Condon's tale is none other than the Prince's own evil brother Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, suspected by many of murdering his own valet for refusing the randy royal master's wicked advances.

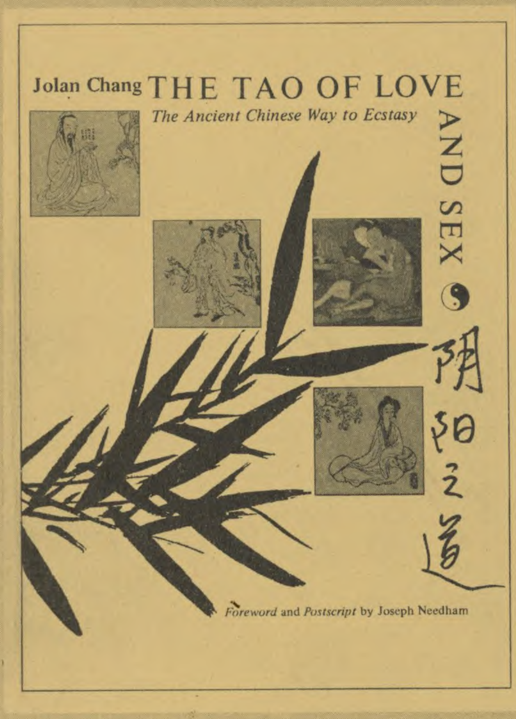
Well, Caroline has her baby, fights her husband, has venomous battles with his mistress and little afternoons with all sorts of jolly chaps. Her principal spread-eaglers include a future Prime Minister, George Canning, who is quite bewildered to find her little hand inside his trousers.

She even tempts her husband's principal aide-de-camp by flinging him a roguish kiss, scooping both breasts out of her bodice and cooing gently: 'Come and get them.'

She visits the King of Naples and cannot keep herself out of his bed. She conceals herself in nooks and crannies about his palace, and seizes him, naked and large as she is, tearing open his trousers and spilling their contents into her own nooks and crannies. The King's wife thinks Caroline is mad. As for the King, he soon begins to shriek at the slightest unexpected sound.

The Bey of Tunis gives her a most magnificent welcoming gift – a whole squadron of camel cavalry to take off into the desert and treat as her own. She returns from the expedition radiant with happiness: 'I had a glorious time, she tells her regular lover. And those Slaves! I don't know when I'll ever be able to sit down again I can hardly pee!'

An 1847 suit of armour by the Myochin family, made for Nakagawa Mochinori, a retainer of the Nagato daimyo, is one of numerous illustrations in 'The Samurai – A Military History,' by S R Turnbull and published by Osprey Publishing, £8.


Jolan Chang
THE TAO OF LOVE AND SEX
The Ancient Chinese Way to Ecstasy
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Foreword and Postscript by Joseph Needham

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

September is the time of year when you will still want, weather permitting, to sit out in the open air, sipping your aperitif whilst you idly consider the menu to follow, and what better place in London to choose for this delightful recreation than St. Katharine's Yacht Haven, just by Tower Bridge?

This wonderful complex of yacht basins, nine bars, four restaurants, and pubs, is unknown to most of London's inhabitants. Yet tall-masted schooners, yachts, barges and even a red-painted lightship are all moored here, where the centre of attraction is the **Dickens Inn,** a galleried three-storey building made entirely of old timber and a faithful reconstruction of Pickwickian London. The groundfloor contains an enormous saloon bar with real ales on tap and sawdust-on-the-floor atmosphere. This is where you start the evening with your pint of best bitter as you gaze dreamily out over the water.

You then have the option of either wandering upstairs to the first-floor restaurant, which is good but slightly pricy, or walking across to the **Captain's Cabin,** which serves meals all day at reasonable prices.

The mid-afternoon menu varies slightly from the evening meals, when you would take *Captain Cook's Easter Island Chicken,* or *Captain Bligh's Bounty Stew* at £1.75, or *Clive's Calcutta Hotpot* of chicken curry with mango chutney at £1.75, or *Tripe and Onions* at £1.50, which we are assured is a traditional Thames River dish. Reasonably priced is a whole *Lemon Sole* served on the bone at £2.25.

The afternoon menu comprises dishes like *French Onion Soup* at 65p and *Cottage Pie* or *Curried Eggs* at 50p a plate, or the *Barge Master's Special* which is a grilled steak served in French bread, with onion, coleslaw and garnishes at £1. One of the great attractions about the *Captain's Cabin* is that you can sit outside and enjoy dinner on the terrace overlooking part of the enormous yacht haven, and if you choose to drink wine the house carafe is £2.50.

The majority of St. Katharine's Yacht Haven is open to the public to wander around at will, but there are one or two private clubs such as **The Yacht Club and The World Traders' Club,** which require membership, and details can be obtained at the premises. A more delightful evening it is hard to imagine than musing about this amazing cobbled dockland arena amidst the refurbished warehouses and exotic barques and yachts. The *Nore Lightship* is also open for inspection. For further information or if you wish to book a table at the *Captain's Cabin,* Tel: 01–480 5907/8.

No doubt many readers are still interested in the idea of eating outdoors, and I have recently been carrying out some research into the pros and cons of outdoor barbecues. Up to this moment, it has been difficult to decide whether to take barbecuing seriously, because one needs to be an expert to choose and handle the charcoal, check which way the wind is blowing, re-light the whole issue, and then try to keep it going at the correct heat. However, those tricky instruments are a thing of the past now, with the introduction of the gas-fired barbecue, which you run off a small canister of gas. Just turn on and light the gas and you have the meat juices dripping and burning on the gas-heated rocks, which produces that delightful smoky barbecue flavour for your cooking, with none of the hassle of getting the charcoal to the right heat.

It is not generally known but it is possible for you to try your hand at cooking and enjoy a sausage or two on one of these mobile trolley-type barbecues at the **Gas Log Fire Centre,** *235 Fulham Road, London SW10* (Tel: 01-352 2560) where there is an open-air barbecue deck, and this should ignite interest in this new development which simplifies outdoor cooking.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

If a poll were to be held to establish the most influential songwriters of the past twenty or so years, the name of Neil Sedaka would inevitably be amongst the front-runners. A singer-songwriter of unquestioned ability, Sedaka has the happy knack of being able to adapt his style to each new trend in popular music and this has resulted in an almost monotonously regular stream of hits dating back to the late fifties. His new album **Neil Sedaka and Songs – A Solo Concert** (Polydor Double 2672036) recorded during his concerts earlier this year at the London Palladium features just about every one of these hits and as such is virtually a retrospective of his career. Using only his own piano accompaniment, Sedaka takes us on a two-hour journey from the days of *Stupid Cupid* and *Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen* to the more recent *Immigrant,* with even a touch of Chopin thrown in to illustrate his original basic training as a concert pianist. Sedaka's a fine artiste and this double album is a worthy testament to his career.

Back in March of last year, when reviewing the Outlaws' first album, I wrote that it was the best debut album I'd heard in ages. The follow-up – *Lady In Waiting* – was good without reaching its predecessor's heights and now we have album three, **Hurry Sundown** (Sparty 1010), to which the same judgement applies. A personnel change, (Harvey Dalton Arnold for Frank O'Keefe on bass), hasn't made an appreciable difference to the band's style and with the honourable exception of the title track which is exceedingly good, the remainder aren't particularly memorable. Having seen and been vastly impressed by the Outlaws live on stage, I can only rue the fact that *Hurry Sundown* doesn't quite capture the essence of what is basically one hell of a band.

With some trepidation, I turn now to Roger McGuinn's new album **Thunderbyrd** (CBS 81883). Trepidation? Well, when reviewing McGuinn's last album *Cardiff Rose,* I wrote that it wasn't an example of him at his best. Over the months however, *Cardiff Rose* grew on me to such an extent that it's now one of my favourite albums. So to *Thunderbyrd.* Let me state from the outset that on first hearing I liked it; on second hearing I liked it more; and on third hearing, I began to polish my superlatives. There are nine tracks, four by McGuinn and Jacques Levy, the usual almost obligatory Dylan opus, and *American Girl,* originally recorded by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, which I gather McGuinn went bananas over and couldn't wait to cover. It's good, but not *that* good, so if you want a sample listen in your local disc boutique to a better representative track, try *We Can Do It All Over Again.*

I first heard the voice of Barbara Dickson singing the songs of Lennon and McCartney in that superb musical *John Paul, George, Ringo – and Bert* in London a couple of years back. Mine was not the only critical acclaim Ms Dickson received for her work on the show and since then she has firmly established herself, especially earlier in the year with her lilting hit single from the Tim Rice/Andrew Lloyd Webber musical *Evita,* as an artiste of true repute. **Morning Comes Quickly** (RSO 2394188) continues the progress. Fine songs, fine singing and a soothing quality that many female artistes fail to capture. Just the thing for a reflective evening with a good bottle of wine and a good woman.

Finally, two quickies. In the red corner, **I Robot** (Arista 7002) by the Alan Parsons Project; in the blue corner **Dickey Betts and Great Southern** (Sparty 1005). Mr Parsons, better known for his engineering exploits with the Beatles and the Pink Floyd, presents a moog-loaded 'concept' album, incidentally featuring the likes of Steve Harley and Allan Clarke, which will appeal to connoisseurs of cacophony, while Dickey Betts and Co, six down-home gents from the Deep South, y'all, play crisp, incisive, unpretentious southern rock in a mould established by, among others, the Outlaws. It won't create a sensation, but it's good fun and quite enjoyable.

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Britain's 126 gaming clubs offer one of the world's fairest deals: a guide to do's and don'ts for the first-time gambler

Gaming for Greenhorns

by Robert Feather

ILLUSTRATION BY MICK BROWNFIELD

The sign on the dusty desert road leading out of Las Vegas reads 'Next time try Britain – the odds are better'. Erected by the British Casino Association it must have caught the eye of many a passing gambler and has helped establish London as one of the world's busiest gaming centres, creating a multi-million pound British gaming industry.

Approximately 100,000 tourists visit one or more of Britain's 126 licensed gaming houses each year and, in company with the 300,000 or so British club members, they are refreshed by the fairest deal and most favourable odds it is possible to encounter anywhere in the world.

For the tourist or first time visitor to a casino there are a number of do's and don'ts it is important to know. Firstly you will not be allowed to enter a casino until you have been a signed-on member for at least 48 hours. This means you must present yourself at the casino two days before you intend to gamble, sign a membership form, giving your name and address, pay the necessary annual subscription – usually only a few pounds although ranging up to £55 at the London Casanova Club. You will then be given a dated receipt which acts as a temporary membership card until they send you a permanent one through the post.

The only way round this requirement is to go along with someone who is already a member and who can sign you in as their guest for the evening. Provided they remain on the premises you are then entitled to use all the facilities of the club, including gambling. However as a non-member you must conform to the liquor licensing laws which do not allow you to buy your own drinks.

Let's assume you have gone through the formality of signing on and are in the mood

Blu
GOOD
Luck

for an evening out with your favourite girlfriend. Normal times of opening for casinos are two pm to four am Sunday to Friday and two pm to three am on Saturday. You arrive at the club reasonably dressed and, especially for most of the London clubs, preferably wearing a tie. There is not likely to be any objection to what she is wearing as long as it is not too risque, like a see-through blouse. Having signed her in as your guest don't be put off by the burly character who suddenly confronts you. He only wants to frisk you for bombs and get a closer look at your girlfriend. Once passed the entrance you have several choices of direction to take. You can gravitate towards the main gaming rooms to play Roulette, Blackjack, Craps (Dice), or Punto Banco, or to the Card Rooms where Poker, Kalooki, or Backgammon may be available, or go to the restaurant, or to the bar which usually has a sitting-out area.

If you head for the bar you will find the cost of drinks won't be much above ordinary pub prices, although they will be a bit steeper at the more plushy clubs. When it comes to food you will be in for a pleasant surprise. Almost all casinos subsidise their restaurants from gaming revenue and you are generally offered very high standards of cuisine in comfortable and relaxed surroundings. A full four course meal rarely costs more than £3–£5 per head, excluding drinks, even at the top casinos.

Having wined and dined you are now ready to proceed to the gaming rooms for a little flutter. A word of caution before going in. The Gaming Board for Great Britain maintains a very firm hand in overseeing gaming operations in Britain and casino owners are at pains not to offend the Board's requirements in case renewal of their licences is objected to. A wary eye is kept on the integrity, financial worthiness, and conduct of club proprietors and their staff and the Board's surveillance extends right down to the shape and layout of gaming tables, and even cleavage displayed by female croupiers so as not to distract the player from his essential business! Another requirement is that no alcohol can be consumed in the vicinity of a gaming table, and whilst it is possible, for example at the London Playboy Club in Park Lane, or Victoria Sporting Club, off the Edgware Road, to eat and drink within a few feet of the gaming, you must not cross the thigh-high barrier separating dining from gaming carrying anything more lethal than a tomato juice.

Also, once inside the gaming rooms, if you are lucky enough to win a large 'coup' and in a moment of exuberance feel a generous impulse to reward the table operator – restrain it. Tipping of gaming staff is strictly forbidden on the grounds that you might be bribing them to help you win. Some of these rules may appear a little petty, but the general concensus of opinion amongst casino owners is that they benefit the industry and as far as the punter is concerned he gains from the knowledge that he is getting a fair crack of the whip. The variety of games of chance played in British casinos fall conveniently into two categories: 'Bankers Games', such as Roulette, Blackjack, and Craps, where the house takes its cut from the player's losses in the game, and 'Card Room Games', like Bridge, Poker, Kalooki, or Backgammon, where a fixed charge per hour is made – normally from about 50p up to a few pounds per hour. So let's go in . . .

Bankers Games

For convenience it is usual to gamble with plastic chips or tokens provided by the casino, and these are obtained in exchange for cash at any of the tables where gaming is taking place. Each player receives different coloured chips and sets their value when he buys them. These chips can then be used at any other gaming table in the casino and cashed in at the cash desk on leaving. One point of etiquette to bear in mind. The croupiers will not accept anything offered to them by hand, nor will they return anything in the same manner. All cash and chips must simply be laid first on the table and then picked up. It's not so much that they don't trust you, but it avoids any possibility of underhand tipping and allows the casino inspectors to see exactly what's going on at a table. Mind you, not that all casinos trust their own staff completely – one establishment actually sews up the pockets of the croupiers to deter them from any temptation to tuck a few pounds away!

If you wish to cash a cheque this can be

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done at the cash desk – but a note of warning, the 1968 Gaming Act forbids the granting of any credit so that post-dated cheques, or credit cards are not acceptable.

Roulette

This is the most popular of all Bankers Games and you will find it being offered by almost all casinos. Two basic types of Roulette are played, both utilising a wheel with 36 numbers and one zero (unlike in America where two zeros are used) in which a ball is spun until it comes to rest in one of the particular numbers. In front of the wheel there is a grid marked out with the numbers corresponding to those on the wheel and this is where bets are laid. If the American version of Roulette is being played there should be little difficulty in understanding when and how to bet as the croupier speaks in English. However in the French version (played two to three times more slowly) the croupier speaks French and it is necessary to understand a few simple phrases before being able to participate.

'Faites vos jeux' is the croupier's request to place your bets before the spin. Once the wheel is spinning he will stop any further bets by calling out 'Rien ne va plus'. Betting on a single number including the zero, which returns odds of 35–to–one for a win, is known as an 'En plein' bet. It is also possible to bet on groups of numbers, the most common of which is 'Cheval', being a bet on two adjoining numbers on the table grid which pays 17–to–one. 'Transversale' is a bet on three numbers in a horizontal row paying 11–to–one, 'Carré' is four adjoining numbers in a square, paying eight–to–one, 'Sixaine' is two adjoining Transversales, paying five-to-one, 'Colonne is 12 vertical numbers on the table layout, paying two–to–one, 'Douzaine' is a bet on numbers one to 12, 13 to 24, or 25 to 36, also paying two–to–one.

Bets on the so-called 'Simple Odds', paying one–to–one are made by placing chips on 'Pair' to cover all the even numbers; 'Impair' for all the odd numbers; 'Rouge' for all the red numbers; 'Noir' for all the black numbers; 'Impasse' for numbers one to 18; 'Passe' for the numbers 19 to 36.

Should zero turn up on a spin all even money bets lose half the stake. Normally the minimum even money bet that can be made is four times the minimum bet allowed on all other chance bets, ie £1 compared to 25p on a single number bet. If you are unsure of the amounts which can

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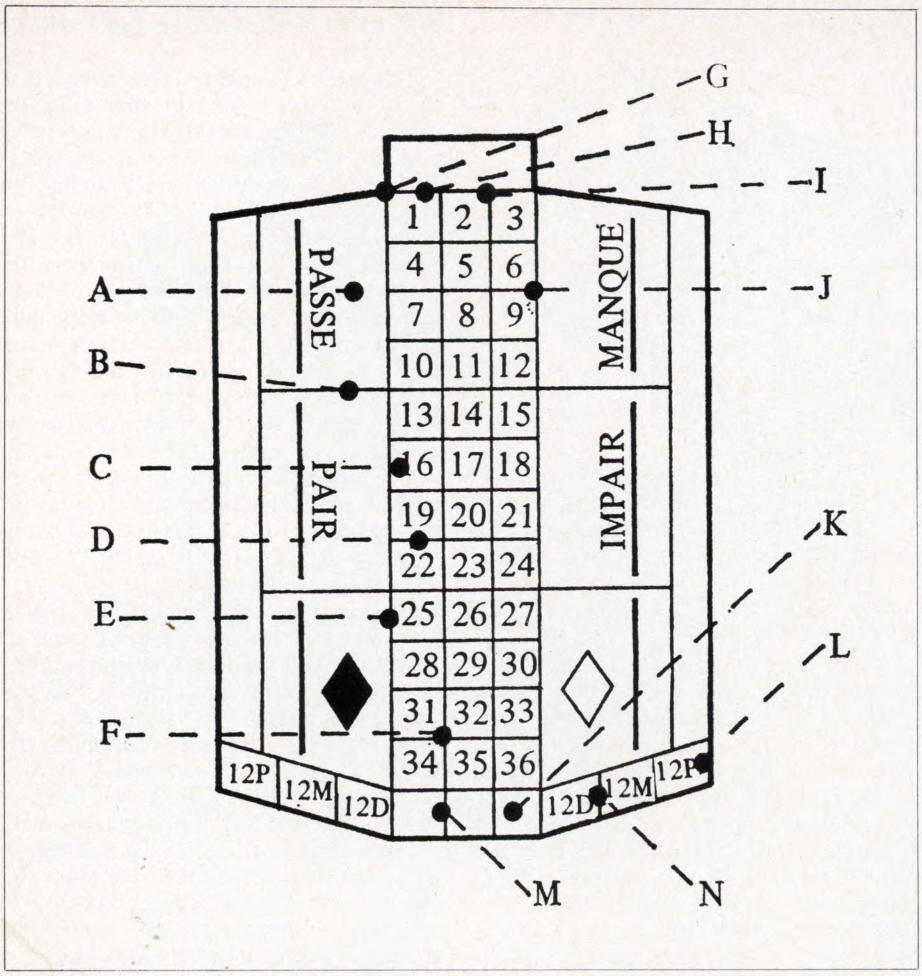
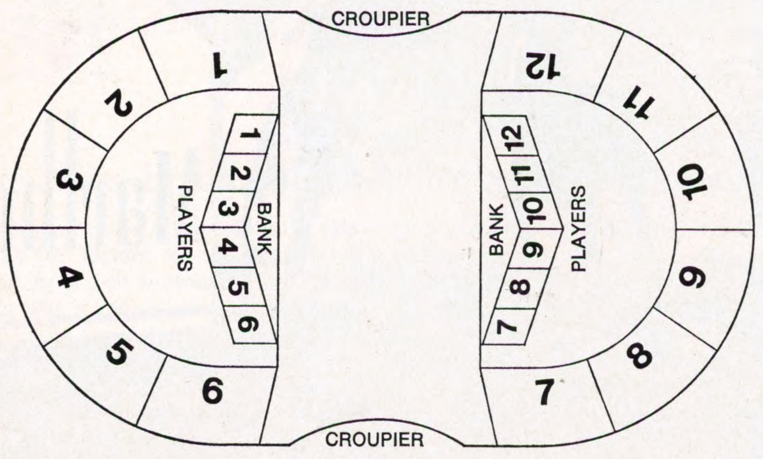


Above: plan of a Roulette table. Chips placed on the various positions pay as follows: A: 'Simple Odds', paying even money. They include 'Passe' (numbers 19 to 36); 'Manque' (one to 18); 'Pair' (even numbers); 'Impair' (odd); dark diamond (black); light diamond (red). B: an even bet on two 'Simple Odds' on one side of the table. C: 'En Plein' paying 35-to-one on a single number. D: 'Cheval', betting on two adjacent numbers at 17-to-one. E: 'Transversale', betting on all the numbers in that row, ie 25, 26, 27. A win pays 11-to-one. F: 'Carre' betting on a square of four adjacent numbers, ie 31, 32, 34, 35. A win pays eight-to-one. G: 'Quatre Premiers', a bet on the first four numbers, ie zero-one-two-three, paying eight-to-one. H: Betting on zero and one, paying 17-to-one. I: betting on zero, two and three, paying 11-to-one. J: 'Sixaine', betting on two adjacent 'Transversales', ie four-five-six-seven-eight-nine, paying five-to-one. K: 'Colonne': betting on all numbers in the column above, paying two-to-one. L: 'Douzaine', betting on one of the three dozens, paying two-to-one. M and N: A bet on two adjacent columns or two adjacent dozens, paying half the stake. Below: a Punto Banco table.



be staked look for the notice displayed at each gaming table. A careful study of the maximum and minimum stakes that are accepted is advisable as these can vary from table to table.

The actual odds in favour of the bank, if you work them out, are surprisingly low. For a single number bet the bank has an advantage of only 2.7 per cent and for even number bets this is reduced to as low as 1.35 per cent.

One would imagine that with such slim odds in favour of the bank that 98 times out of one hundred you would come away winning. Unless you are very lucky it unfortunately just doesn't seem to work that way and it is not too difficult to dissipate £20 to £30 in a very few hours' play.

The average player is generally defeated by the heavy fluctuations in chance before the odds conform to statistics and by tables which just don't appear to understand the laws of probability.

There are, of course, classic examples, like that of Charles Deville Wells who took the bank at Monte Carlo for £100,000 by exploiting the defective roulette wheels being used there. However the best way to make your money last out is to bet on the even chances or to play to a system. There are literally thousands of systems available and you can probably work some out for yourself, but here are two which should help you extend your evening and add to its enjoyment.

A simple but effective even money system known as the d'Alembert involves placing one unit on an even chance bet and adding one unit to the stake after a loss and deducting one unit after each win, unless of course the operation starts with a win when the original bet is left standing. The series is continued until a target winning total is reached – say enough to pay for the meal and drinks previously consumed thus paying for your evening.

The 'One, two, three' system requires the placing of one chip on a favourite number, two chips on any two–to–one bet, and three chips on an even chance bet. If you lose on all three bets a total of six chips are lost. If the even chance bet comes up you break even, and if the two–to–one bet also comes off you win six chips. If all three turn up you collect 42 chips. More adventurous gamblers double up their bets after losing, figuring that with so much covered a series of losses is unlikely, but this is not recommended as doubling systems are generally fatal.

Blackjack

Sometimes known as Twenty-one or Pontoon this is a very easy game to learn and with attention to strategy within the rules the house advantage can be reduced to 0.8 per cent.

In essence each player is playing against the dealer with the object of holding cards as near in total to 21, without exceeding 21. Aces count one or 11, picture cards ten and all other cards count their face values. 'Blackjack' – an Ace with a picture card or ten beats any other combination, except

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dealers 'Blackjack', and if you win the odds are three–to–two on your bet. If the dealer's hand also totals 21 in two cards it is a stand-off and you neither win nor lose. After receiving your two cards you can draw further cards to get a total nearer 21 and stop when you like. The dealer must draw a card to 16 or under and must stand on 17 or over. You win even money if your total is nearer to 21 than the dealer's, and lose if the reverse is true. If you have the same total as the dealer it is a stand-off. One other option open to you is that if your first two cards dealt add up to nine, ten, or 11 you may what is known as 'Double Down', ie double your original bet and then draw only one more card.

Also if your first two cards are a pair, other than fours, fives, or tens, you may split them into separate hands, putting your same original stake on each, but you cannot split them again if you receive a third similar card.

If the dealer's first card is an Ace, and the first two cards dealt to you total 21, you have the option of taking out insurance by betting half your original bet, so that if the dealer also gets 'Blackjack' with his second card you are compensated by receiving two–to–one on your insurance bet. You lose the insurance if the dealer fails to make 'Blackjack', still winning, of course, on your original bet.

Usually minimum stakes are of the order of 50p to £1 so that the game can prove an enjoyable way of extending your stay at the tables, especially if you stick to the following guide. Stand if you have 17 or more, regardless of what the dealer is showing; draw a card if you have 13 to 16 and the dealer has seven or more or an Ace, stand if he has less than seven; stand if you have 12 and the dealer shows four, five, or 6; 'Double Down' if you have nine, ten, or 11 and the dealer has anything but ten, Jack, Queen, King, or Ace; if you strike 'Blackjack' and the dealer turns up an Ace – take out insurance.

Craps (Dice)

Anyone who saw Marlon Brando rolling dice in the film *Guys and Dolls* will have some familiarity with the game of Craps. Although basically a game suited to the American temperament it is catching on very successfully in this country and generates an intense atmosphere of player participation. Craps players are often heard letting forth with their own invented jargonese – 'Snakes Come Eleven Baby!', 'Hit Me Box Cars!', 'Come on Old Snake Eyes!'

The oblong table on which the game is played looks rather complicated at first sight. Whilst the game merely involves rolling two six-sided dice and betting on the combinations of numbers resulting, it requires a fairly deep comprehension of the probabilities of throwing specific numbers in relation to the odds paid if you are going to maximise your chances of winning.

Bets are laid on the areas marked out on the table and the normal initial bet is an even money one placed on the 'Win Line'. Here you are betting that the player throwing the dice (either yourself or anyone else round the table) will roll a 'Natural', seven or 11 with the first throw, in which case you win. You lose if 'Craps' two, three, or 12 are shown on the dice, whilst any other total occurring is known as the 'Point' number. Throwing continues until the 'Point' is thrown again before a seven, in which case you win. If a seven is thrown before the 'Point', you lose.

Alternatively you may start by making an even money bet on the 'Don't Win Line', which is the complete reverse of the 'Win Line' bet, except if a two is thrown, when there is a stand-off and you neither win nor lose.

After the first throw you can then bet, up to the limit of your original bet, on the 'Come' line. This is an identical bet to the 'Win Line', ie you can win on seven or 11, and lose on 'Craps' two, three, or 12. Any other numbers that come up are your points and to win, your 'Come Points' must show again before a seven is rolled – otherwise you lose. The odds payable if you win on 'Come Points' of four or ten are two-to-one; for five or nine they are three-to-two; and for six or eight they are six-to-five.

Alternatively you can make the reverse bet after the first throw of 'Don't Come' which, just to confuse you, is placed on the 'Don't Win Line', and this is identical to a first throw 'Don't Win' bet. If you win the odds payable for four or ten are one–to–two, for five or nine they are two–to–three, and for six or eight they are five–to–six.

Other bets can be made at any time during the game. These include the 'Hardways' bets which win for you if the exact combination of numbers on the two dice total four, six, eight, or ten from two dice showing the same number, ie two-twos, or two-threes. You lose if the total is thrown in any other way, or if a seven comes up. The winning odds for a 'Hardways' four or ten are seven-and-a-half to-one, and for 'Hardways' six or eight they are nine-and-a-half–to–one.

'One Roll Bets' can be made on 'Any Craps', which pay seven-and-a-half–to–one on a throw totalling two, three, or 12; 'Craps two or 12' which pays 33–to–one; 'Craps three' or 'Number 11' which pay 16–to–one. A 'Field' bet wins even money on three, four, nine, ten, or 11, pays two–to–one on two, and three–to–one on 12.

At any time during the progress of the game a player may place a bet in the boxes marked four, five, six, eight, nine,

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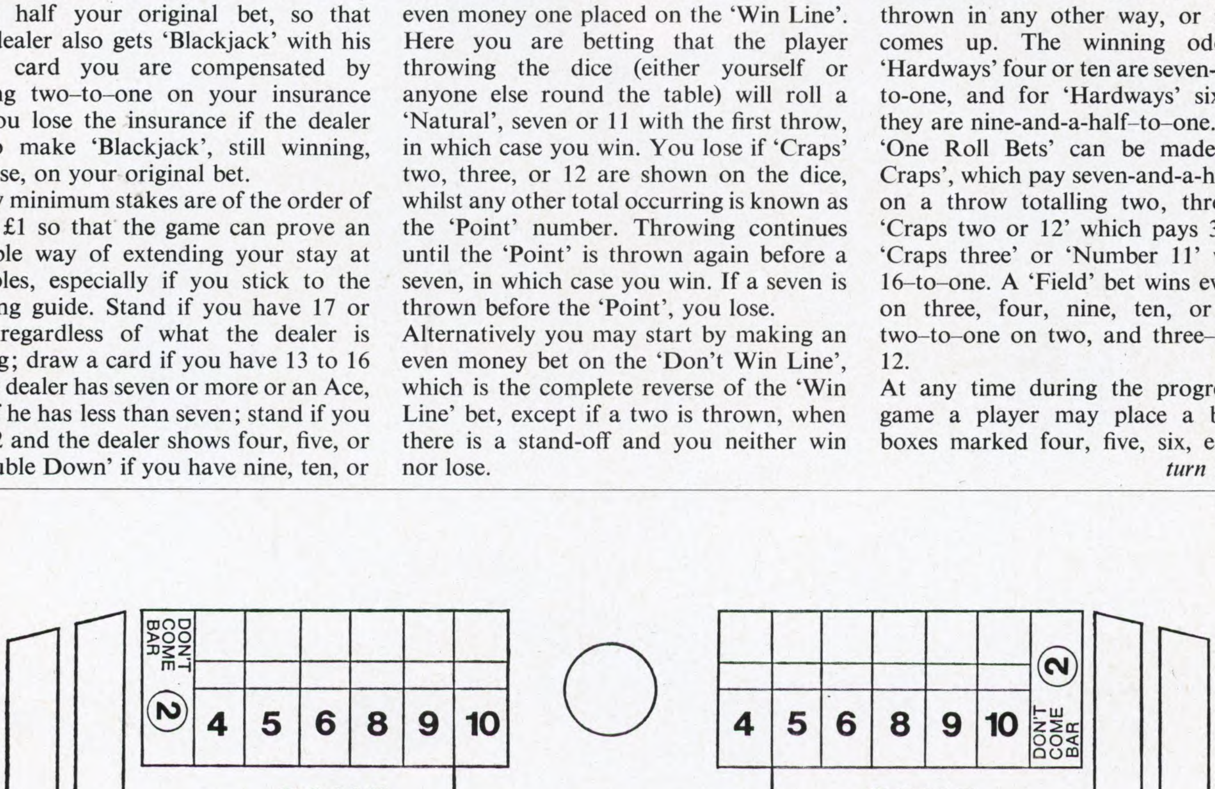

The layout for Craps, as recommended for use in British clubs by the Gaming Board of Great Britain

Gaming for Greenhorns

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or ten and with a 'Right Place' you are hoping that number will show before a seven for you to win. Alternatively a 'Wrong Place' bet can be laid against the number in a box appearing before a seven for you to win. The odds payable for numbers six and eight are seven–to–six for a 'Right Place' bet and four–to–five for a 'Wrong Place' bet; for five and nine they are seven–to–five for a 'Right Place' bet and five–to–eight for a 'Wrong Place' bet; and for four and ten they are nine-and-a-half–to–five for a 'Right Place' bet and five–to–11 for a 'Wrong Place' bet.

With correct play the odds at Craps are in fact quite favourable for the gambler and with the elimination of the so-called 'Mug Bets' like 'Big eight or six' and 'The Horn' (a simultaneous bet on two, three, 11, and 12) you face only a 1.4 per cent disadvantage on 'Win' and 'Come' bets and 5.6 per cent disadvantage on making 'Hardways' four or ten, or 'Craps' (two, three, or 12).

According to Nick the Greek Dondolas, one of the greatest Craps gamblers ever to frequent the casino circuits, the only way to win at this game is to make all or nothing bets because, in his opinion, systems only give the house an opportunity to grind the player down. However one of the more notable systems players, Edward Thorp, Professor of Mathematics at the University of California, has devised a memory counting method which has been successful enough to get him, and protégè Kenneth Uston, one-time Vice President of the Pacific Stock Exchange, banned from playing Blackjack in American casinos.

Punto Banco, Baccarat, and Chemin de Fer

These games tend to be played only in the larger and more select casinos. When the 1968 Gaming Act stopped any house from taking a percentage of the play, Chemin de Fer suffered a severe decline in popularity and has now largely been replaced by a variant of Chemin de Fer and Baccarat known as Punto Banco. To add a little confusion to things, Punto Banco, which is widely played throughout the world, is referred to as Baccarat in America.

Punto Banco has fairly simple rules and once mastered you will easily pick up Baccarat or Chemin de Fer. Players sit around a table shaped rather like a dumb-bell with the croupier in the middle. Two cards are dealt to the player acting as banker and to the player sitting on his immediate right and the object of the game is to hold cards nearest in total to nine. Tens and picture cards count as ten or zero, and Aces count as one. Each player around the table takes it in turn to be the banker passing the bank to the player on his right when a hand is lost or at any time before the deal, as desired. All players, including the banker and anyone standing behind the seated players, may wager with or against the bank.

Having received his two cards the player draws a third card if he has one, two, three, four, five, or ten, standing on six or seven, or turning his cards over if he has eight or nine. The banker then turns his cards over and, if they total three, stands when giving eight to the player, or draws on giving any other card. If he holds four he stands when giving one, eight, nine or ten and draws on any other card. With five he draws when giving four, five, six, or seven and stands on giving any other card. With six he draws on giving six or seven and stands otherwise, whilst on holding seven, eight, or nine he stands.

These rules are detailed on forms freely available at the table and the croupier is there to clarify any misunderstandings. Should the player and the banker end up with equal totals the hand is a stand-off and is replayed. Players wagering on the bank and winning collect at odds of 19–to–20, whereas those wagering on the player and winning are paid even money.

Odds in favour of the bank are 1.25 per cent and the game is often played for extremely high stakes. It is not unusual to see an Arab Prince drop £75,000 in one session, retire briefly to acquire further funds from a roaming arranger-fixer who never gambles himself, and return to the tables.

Are there any limits to the amounts which can be staked? Apparently not. At the Salle Privée in the London Playboy, Crockford's, or the Casanova, whilst maximum and minimum bets are normally specified, if a customer's standing is good enough and at the manager's discretion,

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Gaming for Greenhorns

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there is no limit – or at least none that they are prepared to admit to.

The exclusive Ladbroke Club in London, flagship of the Ladbroke Group's casinos, claims to run the world's highest stake gaming and attracts the international big-time gamblers betting thousands of pounds on the turn of a card.

An estimate of the amount of money changing hands in British casinos was put at £477 million in 1975, a level which is increasing at about 25 per cent per annum. Of this total the 24 London clubs scoop up some three-quarters of the profits, bolstered largely by tourist money which probably brings into Britain something like £100 million in foreign currency.

Card Room Games

Away from the rooms playing Bankers Games a number of the larger and more specialised casinos, provide facilities for what are known as Card Room games. These comprise Bridge, Poker, Kalooki, Gin Rummy etc., and a game which has achieved phenomenal growth in appeal over the past three or four years, namely Backgammon. The extent of its rise can be measured from the fact that ten years ago it was difficult to obtain a Backgammon set in European shops. Spreading like wildfire from the Middle East it is now played in most Western countries and the two centres of activity in London are the Clermont and Crockford's. The 1975 Crockford's World Championships attracted 300 contestants from a dozen countries to compete for a top prize of £2,000 and title of World Champion.

Hothouse of the Poker and Kalooki scene is the Victoria Sporting Club which holds the English Championships each year at its 60 or so tables.

Now that you have a fairly good idea of what to expect inside a casino the next real problem is to decide on which club to join. To view casinos purely as vehicles for gaming is to belie the more complex motives of those there to socialise, gossip, do business, entertain clients, or simply to enjoy the good food and atmosphere. In many respects casinos have replaced the traditional gentleman's club as a place of relaxation and indication of his social respectability. The final choice is therefore largely a matter of personal preference.

Membership fees, as previously mentioned, are relatively low, apart from a few exclusive clubs, but if you are considering joining more than one club it is probably worth selecting one owned by a large company group as there are almost always concessions on group membership.

In the London area the choice is between 24 licensed clubs, and in addition to those already mentioned, these vary in ambiance from the intimate and cosy AM Casino in Curzon Street to the massive Golden Nugget in Shaftesbury Avenue whose main gaming room on a busy night most nearly resembles the Las Vegas bustle. Both these clubs are part of the Mecca organisation which also runs the Sportsman in Tottenham Court Road. As the latter's name implies the club's 25,000 members include a healthy sprinkling of well-known sportsmen and a list of those present at any one time is on show at the entrance for the benefit of fans or the idly curious.

For more sumptious surroundings, where elegant décor and brilliant crystal chandeliers abound, the Curzon House Club, once the home of the Duke and Duchess of York, later to become George VI and Queen Elizabeth, or Crockford's with its finely carved Owen Jones ceilings and Cecil Beaton-designed restaurant, are glowing examples of opulent English interiors.

Pace-setter for modern style highlife is Hugh Hefner's Playboy complex at the lower end of Park Lane, which burst onto the scene in 1966. It probably has the widest selection of gaming and entertainment available in the country with gaming and eating taking place on four floors in the separate 'Casino Section', and eating and dancing to live groups next door in the 'Club Section'. Both sections' air-conditioned atmospheres, lulled by continuous piped music are, pervaded by an aura of slick American efficiency. Ravishingly beautiful Bunny Girls prancing about half naked don't seem to deter women visitors and, like most of London clubs, it attracts a cosmopolitan set comprising British, Americans, Arabs, Iranians, Chinese, Japanese, and Greeks.

Membership of the Playboy is £20 a year which entitles entrance to all 18 Playboy clubs in the United States, one in Canada, one in Jamaica and, once you have signed on two days previously, its casinos in Manchester and Portsmouth. The Playboy empire also owns the Clermont in Berkeley Square, once home of the biggest Chemin de Fer game until the Gaming Act of 1968 restricted houses from taking a percentage. Its up-market clientele includes nobility and you have to be very well connected to gain membership, currently full.

Outside London nearly every major town has a casino. Where a town boasts more then one casino you will invariably find it aims to appeal to either working class or more middle class members; if there is a third casino it looks to the middle to upper classes. Aberdeen is a good example of this with its Cheval Gaming Club, The Maverick Club, and the Blue Chip Club; or Birmingham's six casinos ranging up to the top bracket Midland Wheel.

The pattern of games offered varies somewhat outside London with French Roulette and Baccarat rarely being played – apart from in Manchester which by some quirk of fate finds itself justifiably ranking as the 'Baccarat Centre' of the country with all its six casinos featuring the game.

But whichever of the country's 130 casinos you choose to visit you will be enjoying what must be the most honest and fair set up of gaming to be found anywhere in the world. Provided you follow what is probably the best advice that you will ever get inside or outside a casino 'Don't gamble with more money than you can afford to lose' your first visit should be an extremely enjoyable event and one of the more interesting experiences of life.

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Two of the vicar's three sons had followed in their father's footsteps and taken Holy Orders. The third, the black sheep of the family, had become a hard drinking gambler and womaniser. One morning they arose and went down to the drawing room to bid their father good morning.

'What did you dream of last night?' asked the vicar of the eldest, as he stood by the fire warming his backside.

'I dreamt of St Peter fishing on the lake, father.'

'Good, good,' said the proud father. 'Come and warm yourself my boy. And what did you dream of?' he added, turning to the next son.

'I dreamt of the Virgin Mary tending and caring for our Lord.'

'Good, good. Come here and get warm. And would you care to tell us what you dreamt of boy?' he said harshly to the youngest.

'I dreamt of hell, father.'

A self-satisfied smug expression appeared on the faces of the other three. 'And what was it like?' asked one of them.

'Just like this place,' the youngest retorted, 'you couldn't get near the fire for bloody vicars.'

Alone, and visiting London for the first time, the businessman hailed a taxi and told the cabbie to take him somewhere where he could forget his loneliness. Upon being dropped off, the visitor rang the doorbell of the house indicated by the cabbie. An eye-level viewing window slid open and a distinctly sexy female voice asked what the man wanted.

'I want to get screwed,' replied the visitor.

'OK, mister,' said the woman, 'but as this is a private club, you'll have to slip a £20 introduction fee through the letter box.'

The visitor did as instructed, the window closed and he waited. Time passed but nothing happened. After five minutes he began to pound on the door and again the panel opened. 'I want to get screwed,' said the man.

'What, again?' said the voice.

The young woman went to her doctor to complain about two green rings on the inside of her thighs. After a thorough examination the doctor confessed that he was baffled. 'Unless your boyfriend is a gypsy,' he added.

'Actually,' said the woman, 'he *is*.'

'Ah, in that case,' said the doctor, his earrings aren't made of real gold.'

With an air of bustle the politician entered the conference room and found himself face to face with a junior messenger. 'I wish to see someone with a little authority,' announced the politician, haughtily.

'Sir,' said the lad calmly, 'I have about as little authority as anybody.'

One bright sunny day Noddy set off in his little yellow car to go and see his best friend, Big Ears. He drove up to Mr Plod, the policeman.

'Hello, Noddy.'

'Morning Mr Plod, it's such a lovely day I thought I'd go and see my best friend Big Ears.'

On he drove with the sun shining down brightly, making his silver bell jingle and shine. 'Oh little yellow car I'm so happy. I'm taking you to see my best friend Big Ears.'

Noddy pulled up in front of the bright red and white spotted toadstool where his best friend lived. Grinning widely he jauntily rang the bell. 'Hello friend Big Ears.'

But then a voice boomed out 'Oh sod off Noddy.'

Two friends were discussing sex at a keep-fit class. 'My husband made me come,' said one. 'He told me he could only make love to a slim, well-shaped girl.'

'So what's wrong?' with that asked her friend.

'Well he *does* make love to a slim, well-shaped girl—while I'm here losing weight.'

What's the difference between a counterfeit dollar and a skinny girl?

One's a phoney buck. . .

An Englishman, a Scot and an Irishman went to California for a major athletics meeting, but not possessing tickets they decided to bluff their way past the guards.

The Englishman, seizing upon a discarded piece of wood, approached the ticket barrier. 'Smith,' he proclaimed, 'England, cricket,' and much to his own amazement was let through. The Scot, seeing this, walked to the nearest telegraph pole, wrenched it from the ground and then staggered to the ticket barrier. 'McTavish, Scotland, caber,' he said, and was let through.

The Irishman, desperate to join his two friends, eventually found a roll of chicken wire, picked it up and marched to the turnstiles. 'Murphy,' he proclaimed, 'Ireland, fencing.'

I once met a fellow called Scottie
Whose habits were terribly grotty:
In two minutes flat
He had rogered my cat
And brought himself off in my potty.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Do women laugh at your seduction ploys? Do buxom barmaids turn the other bosom? Never again after learning this unique method

The AlfaStud Technique

the new art of sexual oneupmanship

Humour by
Jerry Jago Scott

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT

There's a minor boom in the works of Stephen Potter, the humourist who built a whole school of comedy on poker-faced books in which jokes were presented as solemn instruction.

All Potter's gags, whether applied to sport, business, or life in general, embroidered the theme of how to win without actually cheating. And although he died in the late 1960s, BBC television's *Oneupmanship* series flourishes, and *School for Scoundrels* the Boulting Brothers' movie-of-the-book, has often been revived on TV.

Like most leading wits and wags, Stephen Potter's gags hold crumbs of wisdom. The wonder of his sly advice is not that it is hilariously funny, but that toned down a little – it works.

Unfortunately, Potter was quite a sedate man, happily married and so forth. Even more unfortunately, he produced his theories mainly in the Forties and Fifties. I say unfortunately, because it meant that he couldn't give explicit advice on sex – or not so much sex, as how to get it.

Admittedly, he flirted with naughtiness, and touched upon 'Wooing'. But his material is of little help in the Permissive Society – while all his other stratagems are as valid as ever, and have helped many a company chairman and professional athlete to the top.

Fear not, though. The 'manship' suffix and that mythical college at Yeovil, Somerset, may be copyright, but an Underground School in the Potter tradition has turned its attention to the bedroom (not to mention car, sauna cabin, mews telephone

coth

kiosk or where you will. Or where *she* will, really).

The AlphaStud Technique, to borrow Potter's approach, is all about How To Get Laid To The Point Of Insanity Without Actually Hitting Her On The Head With A Rock.

While ordinary men eat their hearts out, fantasise, and chase girls – AlphaStuds catch them. 'Catch' being one of the key A-Technique words.

Mind you, in some ways the Permissive Society – Britain's most popular club – has robbed AlphaStud of several cards in his marked deck.

Once upon a time, and more than once upon countless females, come to that, AlphaStud triumphed by professing to be gay. Women used to see that as a challenge, and become obsessed with 'converting' him. AlphaStud made sure that conversion was clinched by a practical demonstration of the joys he pretended to have been missing.

Today, women tend to take gayness for granted. Further, they assume that the chap's bisexual, and will become grist for their delicious furry little mills, in good time. So making a song and dance about homosexuality offers no significant dividends. Unless you happen to *be* a homosexual, that is.

But the AlphaStud has more than one shot in his locker.

Take Semantics, the study of the exact meanings of words. AlphaStud is into Semantics. To put it brutally, calling a spade a bloody spade may show honesty, but the wise man knows that he can charge ten times the price for a craftsman-forged, perfectly balanced, scientifically designed digging implement.

What has all this to do with scoring? Bear with me a moment, just as Brenda J bared all for my AlphaStud friend Grigsby.

Brenda J was a comely wench, though 'come' was an unsuitable choice of word for her. Grigsby confided to me that her beauty drove him wild with lust, but she suffered from the illusion that her knees had been Araldited together at puberty.

However, he pulled himself together, recalled the basic principles of the AlphaStud Technique, and sure enough he also pulled Brenda J.

This is how it worked: Griggers observed that Brenda fancied herself as an intense intellectual. For a fortnight he never laid a glove on her in anger, made sure that she always saw him with a weighty volume of philosophy under his arm, and spiced his talk with at least two French and three German words per sentence.

Then on an evening when Brenda J's flatmates would be away for hours, Grigsby dropped in and mentioned – casually, you understand – that any woman incapable of a significant physical relationship on a one-to-one basis with a member of the opposite sex, was betraying her cultural poverty and utter inability to be considered an intellectual.

Pretending to be browsing through the collected works of Bertrand Russell in the Swedish translation, he watched the doomed victim thinking it over. Within minutes she was talking huskily, brushing his leg with her fingertips, and displaying more cleavage than the rival wings of the Labour Party at its annual conference.

Grigsby reports that Brenda significant-emotional-relationships bangs like a barn door in a gale.

Semantics! For the same happy outcome would *not* have resulted from a grunted, 'Fancy screwing, then, Bren'?'

Incidentally, do not let grand words like Semantics daunt you into deciding that the effort is too great. True, Grigsby chatted Brenda, later to graduate as Barn Door Brenda, in fragments of French and German. But Griggers flunked infant school and is still suspect on joined-up writing. All he did was flick through a Volkswagen service manual and scan the menu chalked up in a *bistro*. Then he mumbled the few foreign words he remembered. (A pipe, to be talked around, is a great help in such circumstances).

Doubt is a lethal weapon in AlphaStud's armoury. Put Them In The Wrong is his watchword. A girl anxious to impress, or put herself back on par, is twice as likely to end up between the sheets.

Consider the following situation, an actual case.

AlphaStud X found himself at a country hotel for three days, one of some forty randy delegates at a sales conference. Talent was in short supply. Inga, a translater (name changed to save her blushes), seemed the best prospect.

The snag was that Inga knew she was the best prospect and acted in accordance, ie foully. Swollen-headed at being magnet for 40 individual rams, she was ready to play them against each other.

This brings us to the bedrock of the AlphaStud Technique. An AlphaStud Never Joins. Never, ever. Nohow.

To recap: 39 twits were chasing Inga. AlphaStud X pointedly ignored her. On the surface. But he did discover that the ladies' toilet backed on a courtyard, and the instant Inga entered it, he sprinted to aforesaid site.

As he had hoped, a small window was open at the top. As soon as the delicate, prolonged tinkling on the porcelain assured X that Inga was a captive audience, he used an assumed voice to bay: 'I say, isn't Inga a glorious girl?'

In his own voice, X replied, dubiously, 'Yes. Poor kid. Pity about her handicap.' Back to the baying voice for, 'Handicap? How d'you mean, old man?'

To which X answered in his own voice, 'Well, she's got this slight cast in one eye. We must all make sure that she doesn't catch on that we've noticed it. Treat her kindly, George. Personally, I couldn't *stand* a girl with wonky eyes, but there you are. She may have good qualities, I'm sure she's a splendid girl.'

Inga made a dead set at X, thereafter. He was well aware that she probably intended to bring him to a crucial point and then tell him to go bowl his hoop. But late that night, uncounted vodkatinis later, Inga

DEPARTURES
ARRIVALS
CUSTOMS
METAL DETECTOR
AIRPORT AUTHORITY
EASY LAY DETECTOR

turn to page 75

The AlphaStud Technique

continued from page 58

forgot the final twist of the plot, succumbing like . . . well, a barn door in an etcetera.

The only sad element in this case history is that on her return to West Germany, Inga took to wearing dark glasses and haunting eye specialists. AlphaStuds are chivalrous, though, and X made a special journey to Munich – to assure her that the 'slight cast' had righted itself.

At the risk of harping on the point, Doubt is a trump card.

The Myth of the Female Orgasm, for instance. There's a fruitful field.

AlphaStud X, a pretty weedy and repellent specimen if the truth be told, has got a lot of mileage out of the Myth. Indeed, 'a myth is as good as a mile,' he has been heard to declare.

Last summer, X was introduced to a person we'll call Heava Thigh-Relief. Heava's a high-octane lady, star of several soft porn movies. Legs up to her shoulderblades, boobs out to there, a lovely little mover. Normally she wouldn't give X the time of day, let alone a roll in the hay.

Ever the AlphaStud, X donned his plain glass spectacles and American accent, passing himself off as Professor Lester Q Lust, a leading sexologist from Chicago, in London to deliver a paper to the Royal Society. Its theme: the Myth of the Female Orgasm.

He had discovered, said the supposed Lester Lust, that women were unable to have orgasms. Sure, they *thought* they did, but it was all wishful thinking, self deception, a big con job.

X assures me that Heava Thigh-Relief practically snorted fire. The famous boobs swelled like ballons and heaved like buoys in a tempest. Her two rows of false eyelashes bristled. 'Let's discuss this . . . mmm . . . somewhere quieter, Doc,' she purred, towing him up to her suite and locking the door.

You've guessed – barn door, X-certificate style.

A branch of the Doubt Business is what must be labelled the Imposed Role. It needs a bit of reconnaisance, but it is surprisingly effective.

Warning. We are entering Male Chauvinist Pig realms, here – but then, we've been oinking and snuffling happily in MCP Land from the beginning, so what the hell . . .

Male Chauvinists, an unkind term for realists, know women are impressionable. This is a posh way of saying that if you suggest to a girl that She Will, without putting it quite as bluntly, the chances are that She Will.

How does it work? Nine times out of ten, is the short answer. But you want a case history . . .

Grigsby just happened to be surveying the local swimming pool with his powerful binoculars, one afternoon. He explains that if you lash yourself to the lightning conductor atop his tower block, the pool is just within range.

Anyway, he inspected this beautiful belly, gently curved, slightly tanned, putting him in mind (he declares) of a honeydew melon. Just at the point where the lower half of the girl's bikini flirted with illegality, he discerned a birthmark shaped like a fleur-de-lys.

Eventually he got around to her face, and found that the girl lived in the same block of flats. AlphaStud bided his time until he met her, fully dressed, at a neighbourhood party.

They chatted, she didn't seem interested. Friends suggested to Grigsby that she was a cold fish, if not clinically frigid. But he fetched her drinks and ashtrays like a good 'un. On the stroke of midnight, when she was evidently preparing to go home to a solo bed, he mentioned reading in a psychology textbook that women with heraldic birthmarks were incredibly highly sexed, and blessed above their sisters, since they enjoyed intercourse more keenly than the majority of women.

The girl gasped and spilt her drink. Grigsby pretended not to notice. He could tell from her expression that her mind was doing a number: this man couldn't know about her fleur-de-lys, so why should he be telling lies? It must be true, and that meant . . . Her lips parted a trifle, her eyes softened. Grigsby walked her to her front door, and kept walking, by mutual consent. The girl was avid to experience the delights bountiful Providence and the fleur-de-lys had showered on her.

It was, Grigsby affirms, a great night. The early hours of the morning weren't half bad, either.

One last word of advice. The AlphaStud never admits defeat – *especially* when it's glaringly obvious. This entirely rules out that final withering remark which, to the unthinking gamesman, may seem the perfect salve to a bruised ego.

Witness Arthur Wormston, long time and ardent admirer of a gorgeous but rabidly ambitious Fleet Street woman writer of some years back. After numerous valiant attempts to consummate his passion, it became obvious to Wormston that the lady in question was only interested in yielding her all to the high and mighty – and preferably those who could advance her career. (Wormston's argument that he was low and mighty got him exactly nowhere).

Eventually however the lady's meteoric career ground to a halt when the publication she worked for was killed off. Invited to the 'wake' in the office pub, Wormston was in time to hear his lady friend shouting the odds about her confidence in herself and the future.

'Three different editors are frantic to contact me,' she boasted.

'Why,' commented the peeved Wormston, 'have you got the clap?' If looks could kill the manner of Wormston's death would not have come within the Geneva Convention.

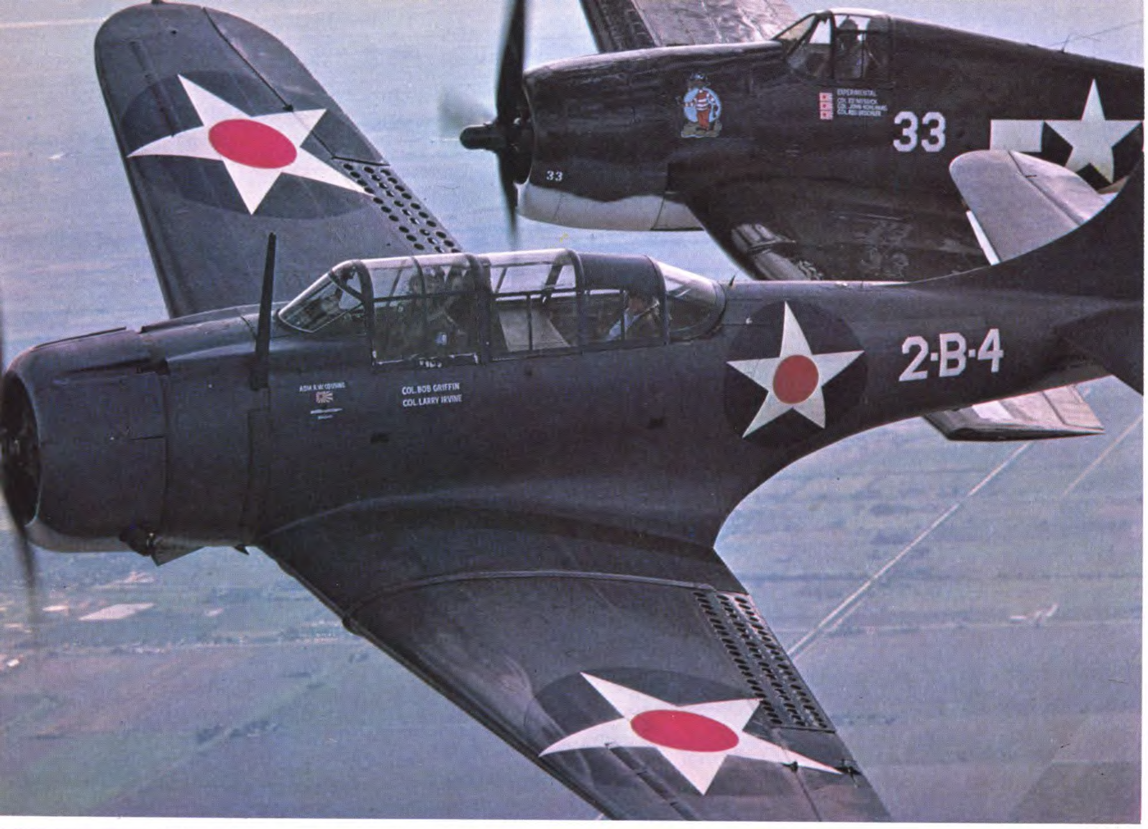
But the victory was short-lived. Weeks later Wormston heard that the lady, unable to find employment in Fleet Street, was returning to the provinces. A sympathetic phone call, an invitation to a consoling dinner could have worked wonders. But Wormston had already blown his chances.

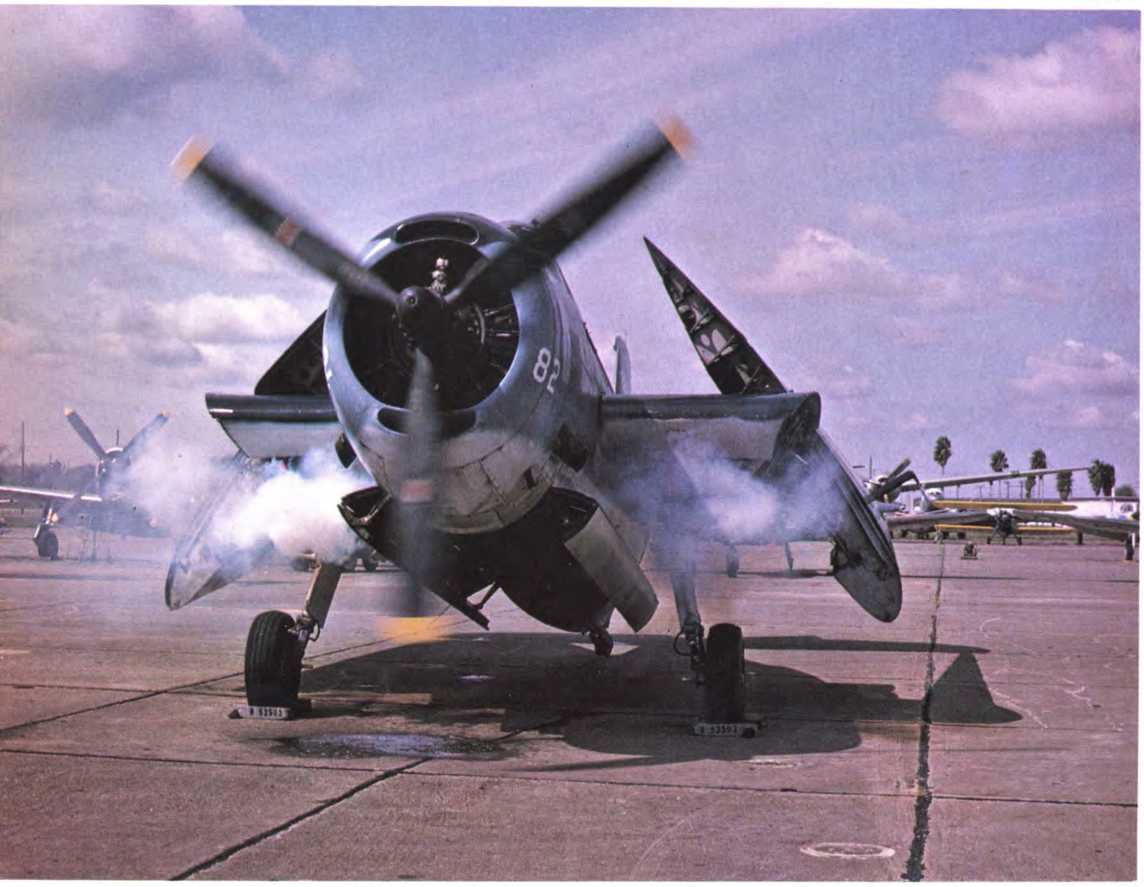
So there you have it – a few instances, a mere scattering of pearls from the AlphaStud Technique.

They rarely admit to AlphaStudhood, these fellers. Selfishly, their attitude is, the fewer the merrier, and why spoil a good thing by making it generally available?

But profit by the random examples with which I have presented you, and you could join the happy band. Onwards and upwards is our cry – right upwards – and our marching song is wordless. Actually, it's uncommonly like the sound of a barn door in a gale.

Lightbourne.





Main picture: Curtiss P40 fighters in formation. The 'Flying Tiger' insignia on each fuselage refers to the first significant combat use of these American machines, when they were flown by American volunteers in China on the Chinese Nationalist side against the Japanese 1939–1940. Below: a North American Aviation B-25 CGCWM Mitchell medium bomber from the Canadian Air Force museum. The B-25 was used throughout World War Two. This page, top: a Douglas Dauntless carrier-based dive bomber. Background: a Grumman F6F Hellcat. Carrier-based, this US Navy fighter was one of the most successful American war planes of World War Two. Of the total 6,477 enemy aircraft shot down by the US Navy, Hellcats accounted for 4,947. Above: the Grumman Avenger MkII carrier-based torpedo bomber.

The world's most incredible collection of propeller-driven war-planes takes to the skies once more

PROP FESTIVAL

Photographed by John Batchelor

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NX40PE
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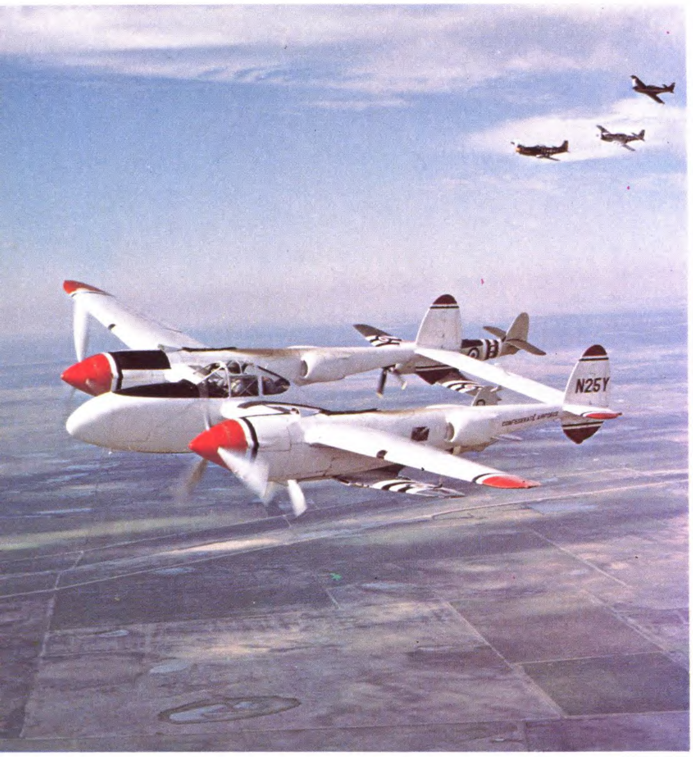
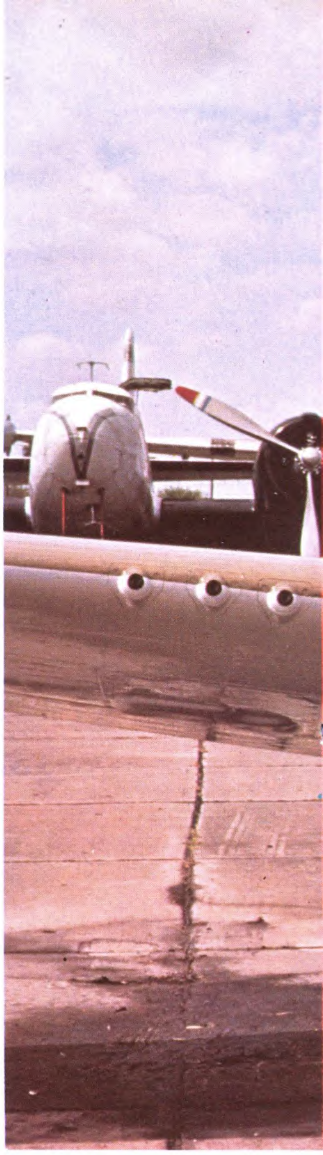
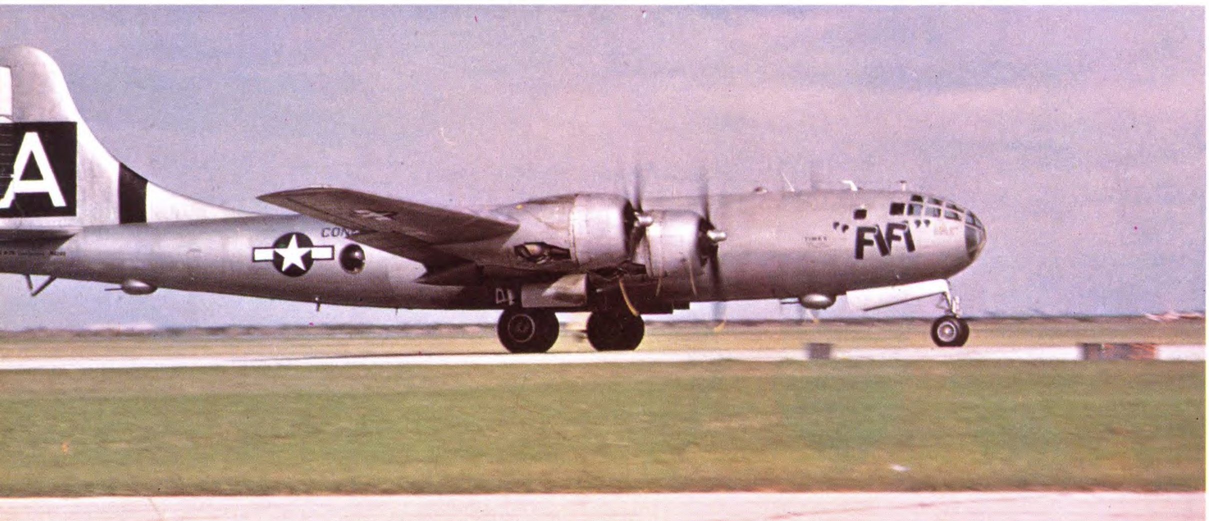


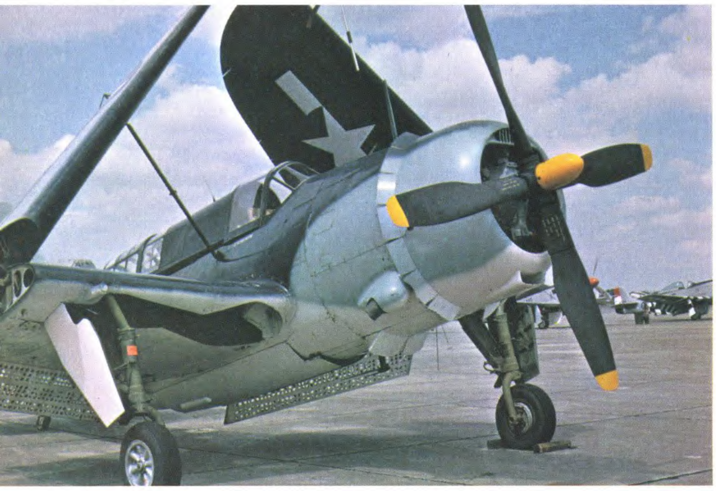
Every October, high over the chequerboard fields of Texas, one of the world's most extraordinary aerial spectacles takes place. Propellor-driven aircraft from every theatre of World War Two fill the sky, from the screaming Helldiver dive bombers of America's Pacific Fleet to the lumbering Flying Fortress and Superfortress. Re-enactments are staged of some of the war's most important aerial conflicts, with Japanese Zero fighters and Val bombers swooping down in a mock Pearl Harbour attack, and German and American fighters dog-fighting in the fashion of innumerable nameless conflicts over the fields of Europe. More remarkable still are the pilots and owners, all full colonels in the grey Civil War uniform, complete with wide-brimmed stetson, of the Confederate Air Force. Based at Rebel Field, Harlingen, the CAF, currently boasting 1000-odd members, seek out and restore any aircraft that flew between 1939 and 1945, spending up to 100,000 dollars a year to keep a single machine operational. With a motto of 'Keep 'Em Flying' they fill the hangars of Rebel Field with engines, airframes,



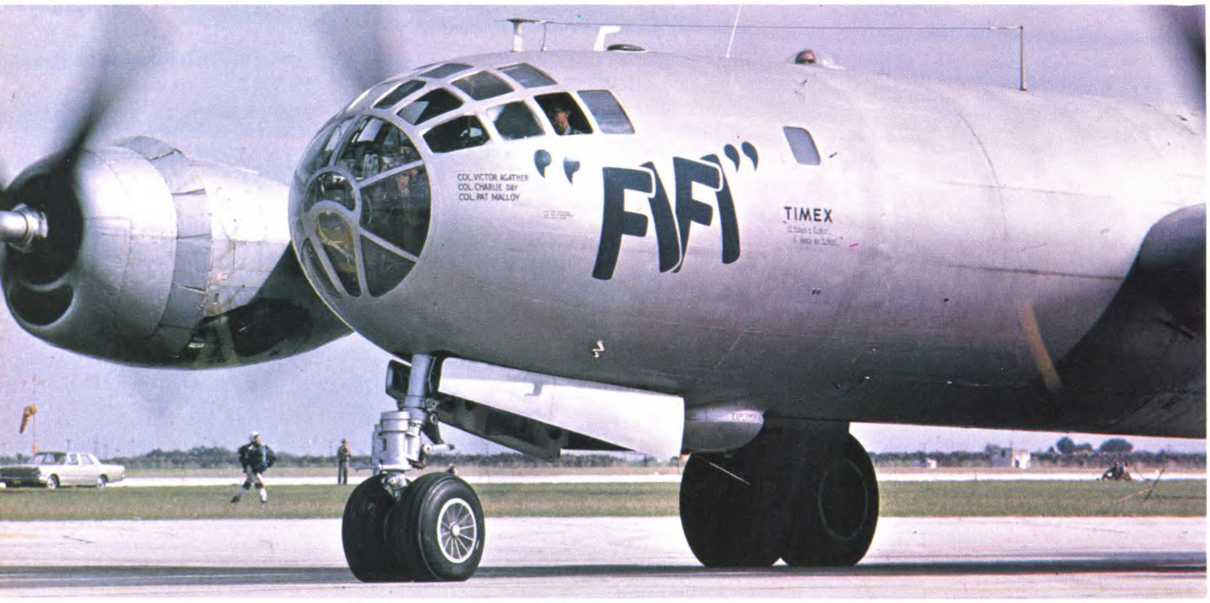


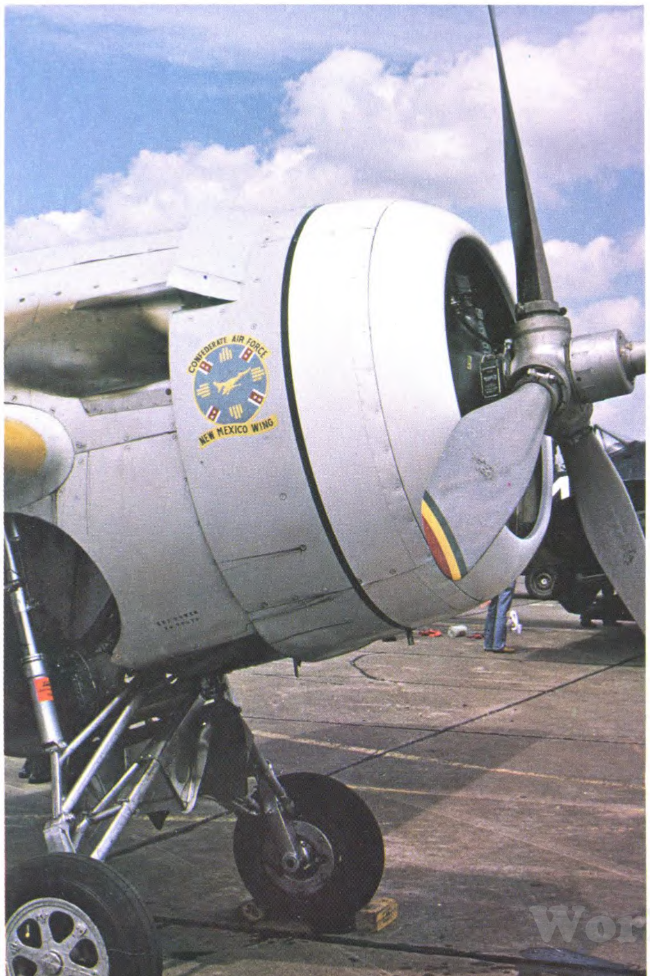
This page, top: a Lockheed P38 Lightning. This land-based long range fighter won fame as the aircraft which shot down Japanese Admiral Yamamoto when he believed himself safe over 1,000 miles away from the closest American air base. Above: the Boeing B29 Superfortress. A pressurised aircraft, it dropped 171,000 tons of bombs and incendiaries on the Japanese mainland, including the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Opposite page, top: a ground view of a P40 with a distinctive sharkmouth nose marking. Below: Grumman FM-2 Wildcat carrier-based fighter (foreground) in the markings of Squadron VF-41 based on the USS carrier Ranger. *Middle: the Grumman Hellcat. Background: an F4U-4 Corsair fighter first used by the US Navy and Marines from carrier back and later adapted to ground bases.*

NAVY
7286
5
NAVY
33
33
USS RANGER
VF-41
41-F-4
CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE



instruments, the accumulated debris of the World War Two air war, waiting to be put to new and active use. But their skill does not end with mere structural restoration. Though many CAF members are veterans, many more have been taught to manoeuvre these historic and, by modern standards, often crude aircraft. Complex 'dog-fights' involving as many as 35 aircraft at once are planned with exacting care and performed with such expertise and elan that – during the filming of *The Battle of Britain* – it was the CAF colonels who flew all the enemy aircraft. So far had aviation advanced since 1945 no other group of pilots existed with the right skills and dog-fighting experience.





This page, top: a Curtiss SB2C-5 Helldiver, a carrier-based dive bomber used extensively in the last two-thirds of the war. Below: the B29 taxiing before take-off. Left: a close-up of the Grumman Wildcat's unusual undercarriage which retracted into the fuselage. It is typical of the fighter's excellent and extremely resilient design. Opposite page, top: pictured over the chequerboard fields of Texas, the Grumman Hellcat. Below, left: a North American Aviation P51 Mustang, the first American aircraft designed to satisfy RAF requirements. Decorated in USAAF markings it also bears Invasion Stripes on its wings, specifically designed to distinguish all Allied aircraft during the 1944 Normandy landings. Right: an NAA Mitchell B25-J used as official photo plane for the Confederate Air Force show. The aircraft was used in the war film 'Catch-22' Bottom: the only casualty of the show, a CASA Ha 112 (Me109) used by the Spanish Air Force. The pilot, who emerged unhurt, touched ground twice with his prop before crashing.

EXPERIMENTAL
COL. ED MESSICK
COL. JOHN KOHLHAAS
COL. REG URSCHLER
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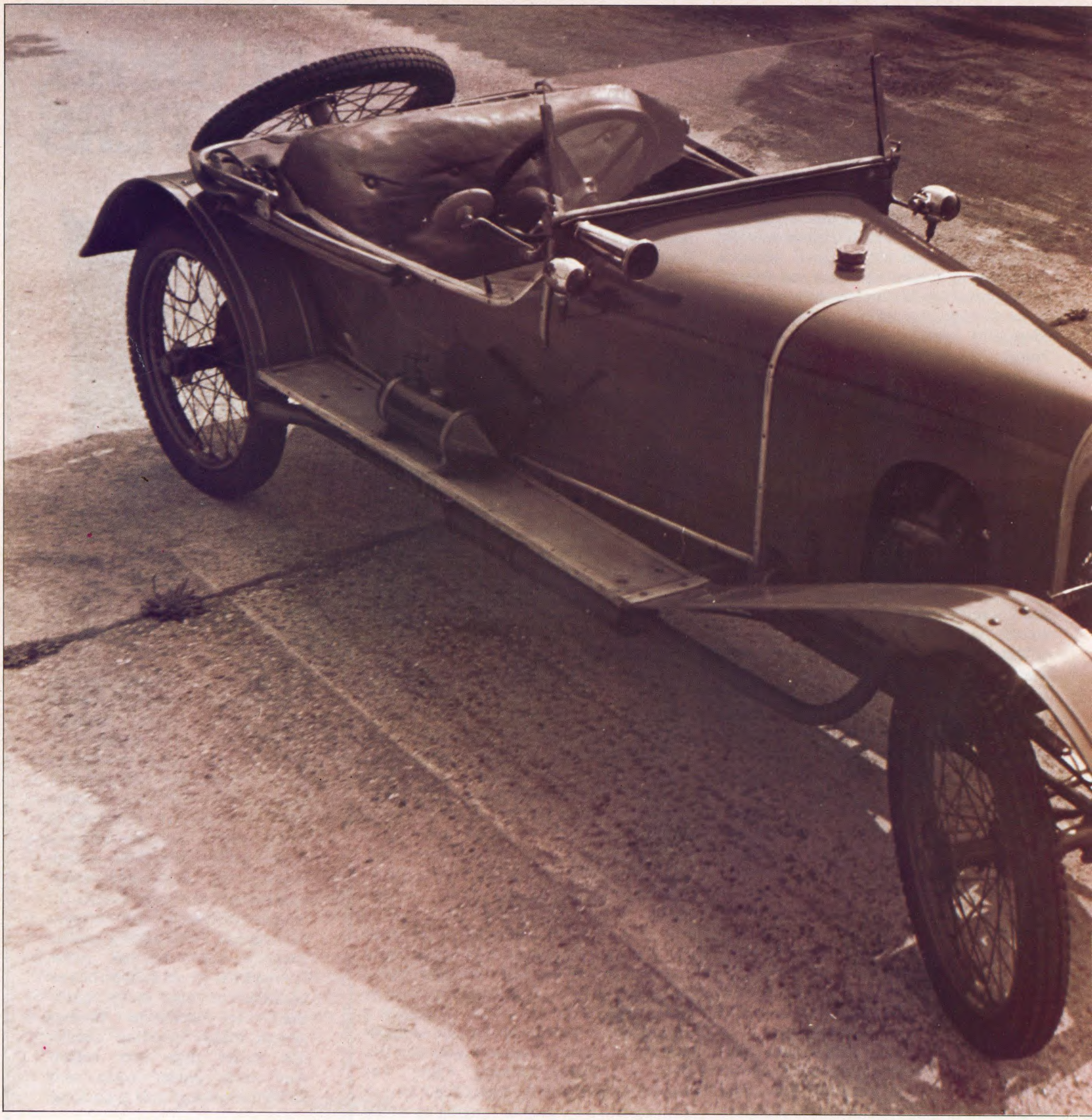
33
N1078Z
GHOST SQUADRON
GRUMMAN F6F Hellcat

JS
N

737

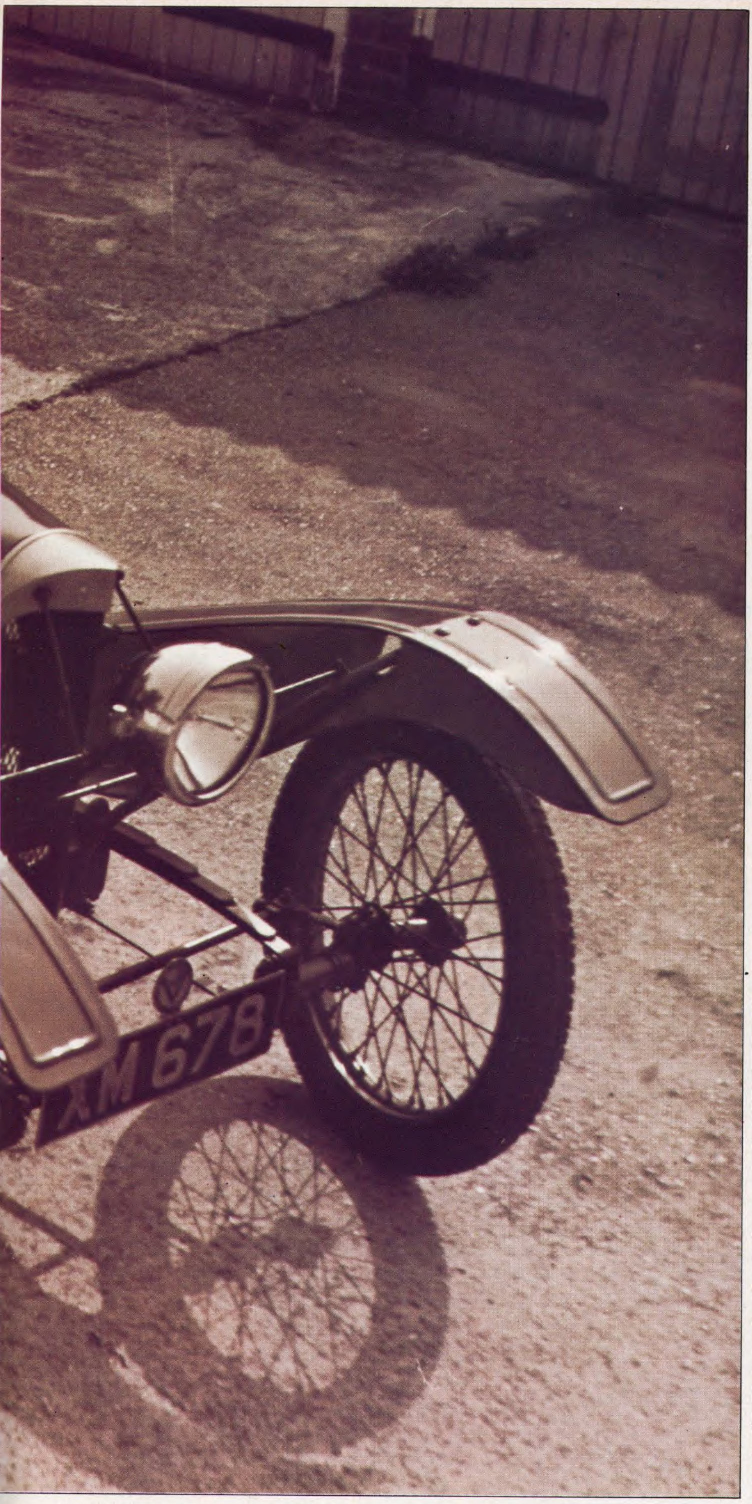


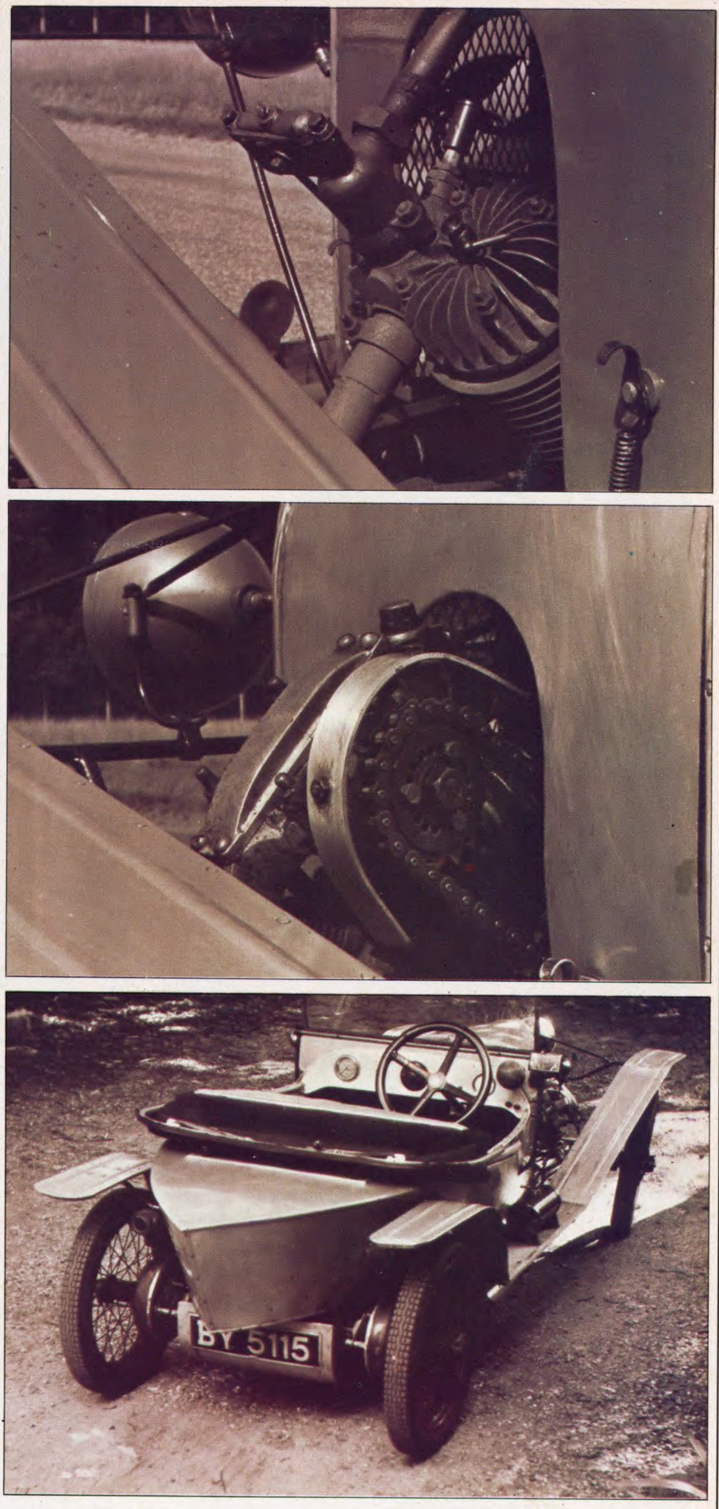
BIRTH OF THE GREAT

In the days before mass motoring two inspired engineers brought inexpensive

In the changing world of motoring the GN is now as far distant as the dodo-bird, or bustles instead of bottoms. The GN of the 1920s was a means of combining the advantages the four-wheeled car had over the primitive motorcycles while retaining the simplicity, fuel economy and low price associated with single-speed, belt-driven two-wheelers. For this reason the GN and its near-cousins the Bedelia, the Duo, and similar vehicles, were called cyclecars. The British-built GN was one of the few successful versions of this bicycle-car breed. It arose from the enthusiasm, the sense of humour if you like, of Ron Godfrey and his mate Archie Frazer-Nash, both, alas, now deceased, like most of the GNs which constituted their combined brain-child. It began in 1910, when Godfrey was at home recovering from concussion after an accident in the workshop where he was employed. He and his brother spent this spare time devising a very simple kind of motor vehicle, and from that starting point the later production GN cyclecars sprang. The charm of simple transport had Ron Godfrey by the throat. He had been an

Main picture and opposite page top: 1921 1086 cc GN Tourer. Costing only £225 with dynamo lighting set, detachable wheels and spare,





BRITISH SPORTSCAR

sporting driving to Britain with a unique chain-driven car / By William Boddy

apprentice, along with Nash, in Rugby and before that knew Nash while they were both studying for their engineering degrees at the City and Guilds College in Finsbury and it was inevitable that they should team up to build a viable cyclecar, calling it by the initial letters of their surnames.

The original GN had a JAP twin-cylinder vee, motorcycle-type, engine and belt-drive. We are assured by David Thirlby, the great GN and Frazer-Nash historian, that the gear lever was a broom handle, nailed to the chassis, as Godfrey said, 'in the interests of verisimilitude'. From such humble beginnings a series of better and better GNs emerged, at first from the stables of Nash's mother's house at Hendon, then in larger works, the Etna factory, also in Hendon, and eventually from the ex-Gregoire works on East Hill, Wandsworth. The first models were JAP-engined cars, with wooden chassis frames and belt-drive of varying degrees of complexity. Those were carefree times, when most of the customers for these modest but lovable creations were as enthusiastic as the GNs builders. Frazer-Nash had a bulldog, said to be able to

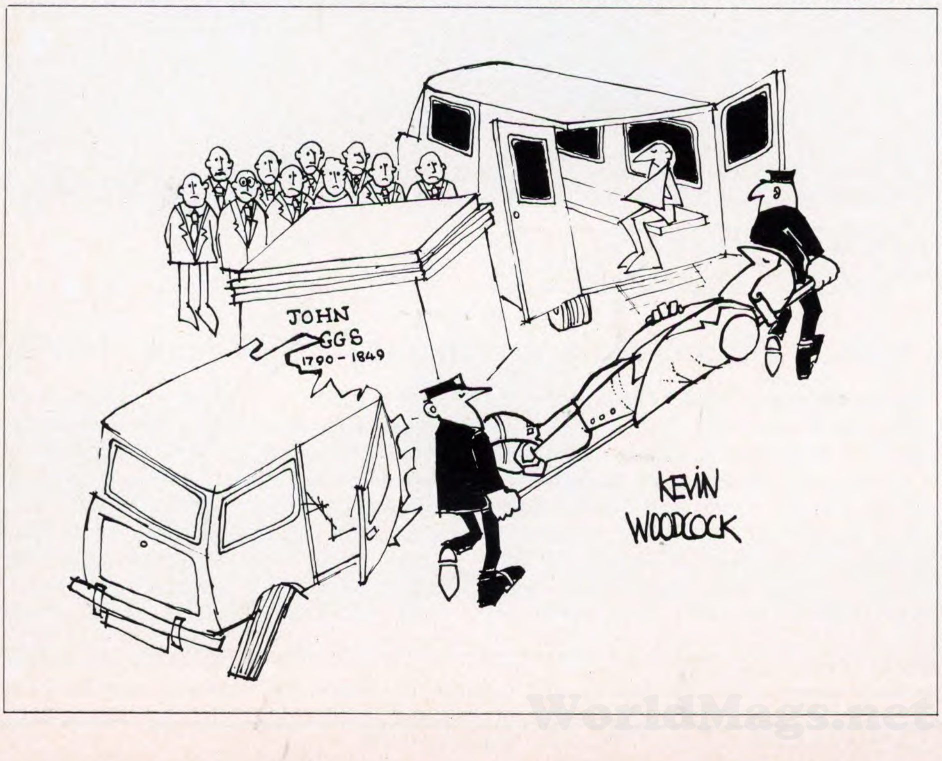
it offered exceptional value for its time. Immediately above: 1922 GN Sports, with (centre) its remarkable chain and sprocket gear.

distinguish the weird noises of his master's personal GN among the multitude of curious and often alarming sounds made by any active GN cyclecar. A customer would come to the works to take delivery of a brand new GN and be kept in polite conversation by Archie while Godfrey and a few boy mechanics would work furiously to complete the vehicle. Being at the top of a steep hill was a decided advantage at such times for, as Nash sagely observed, they could get the car started down this hill, and if it broke down, the customer was unlikely to get it back to them! There were hair-raising practical jokes, like reversing the action of the steering, which on the pre-1914 GNs was via wire wound round bobbins, so that as the new owner, his cash in the till, waved goodbye to the partners who had made his car and smacked smartly into the exit gatepost. But crude these GNs may have been they had much more life than the heavy landaulettes and touring cars of the period and they could be operated on the proverbial shoe-string. They could be bought for less than £100 and in 1910 the partners were quick to point out that, in the GN Quad, the driver and his passenger sat side by side, 'rendering conversation an easy matter'. This took no account of the noise the thing made but was a crack at the very first cyclecar, the French Bedelia, in which driver and passenger rode in tandem.

There were two or perhaps three reasons for the success of the later GN cyclecars, when other such vehicles sold in very slender numbers and then quietly faded away – with the notable exception of the Morgan three-wheeler. In the first place, the partners Godfrey and Nash became tired of buying JAP engines to install in their cars, or perhaps couldn't afford them. So Godfrey got busy experimenting with an old Peugeot motorcycle motor and from this he evolved GN's own power unit. It was still a vee-twin, air-cooled job, but with a subtle difference. While motorcycle engines were of 60 degree cylinder angle, Godfrey used a 90 degree configuration. He also put on a heavy flywheel, where motorcycles had very light flywheels, or none at all. This had two beneficial results. By mounting the GN engine across the front of the chassis, the wider-angled cylinders stuck out nicely in the breeze, which was their sole source of cooling, for no fan was fitted. Secondly, motorcycle engines vibrated badly, and stalled all too frequently in traffic. The 90 degree GN engine did not suffer from these defects. Then, unwilling to invest in proprietory gearboxes, and possessing such simple workshop tools that machining anything 'out of the round' presented an insurmountable problem, Godfrey and Nash had to think up a new kind of transmission. What they did was to use chains and sprockets for their post-war models, getting the required speed ratios by fitting sprockets of different sizes, locked in as required by simple dog clutches. At one stroke the cost and weight of a conventional gearbox was eliminated and, as a decided bonus, there was an easy means of changing the 'gear' ratios for competition events or Alpine touring. The change itself was fool-proof when drivers, especially ladies, in charge of 'crash' gearboxes, went about in dread of swopping the cogs (those awful crunching protests, unless the pinions were properly eased in by skilful double-declutching), and, perhaps best of all, this was an efficient transmission, devoid of oil drag. The GN system was ideal for those buying inexpensive cars as their introduction to the delights of motoring, and it was also kind to little one-litre engines of low power.

So the GN cyclecar sold well, and patent rights were granted to Salmson in France. By 1921 the touring GN sold for £225, which included a dynamo lighting set, detachable wheels (in fact, all too easily detachable!), and a spare wheel and tyre. The third contributing factor that made the GN king among the four-wheeled cyclecars was the fact that the genial, pipe-smoking Archie Frazer-Nash liked taking part in races and speed hill-climbs. Before the 1914-18 holocaust he had done well at Brooklands in lightweight racing GNs, and so had Godfrey. After the Armistice this pleasant pursuit was continued, with slim, aluminium-bodied racing GNs, named after characters in Kipling's stories. In 1920 Frazer-Nash had the fastest cyclecar in the world, in the guise of 'Kim', an exciting single-seater no wider than the man who was to drive it, and good for some 90 mph. This had been born before the war but Nash had crashed in it at Brooklands in August 1920 and it was then rebuilt into this very brisk 'Kim II'. For a month Archie even steered it with the aforesaid wire-and-bobbin steering system, before deciding that it would be more prudent to use normal mechanical means of pointing the front wheels in the direction in which he desired to go. Although in the 1,100 cc class, these GNs crackled to fastest-time-of-the-day in numerous speed trials and speed hill-climbs all over the country. It was a fine sight to see the intrepid Archie Frazer-Nash setting off from Wandsworth for such a venue in 'Kim', beneath a close fitting hood and behind a mica windscreen in which a slit had been cut for vision, a pair of little lamps being tied on in case the daylight faded before journey's end – like getting to Skegness sand races, from London. With hard quarter-elliptic springing, two exhaust pipes running back externally from the exposed air-fanned cylinders, small back wheel brakes, and those 'gear' dogs persuaded 'into and out of their kennels' by an outside lever, the little GN must have been almost as exciting to conduct on the road as round Brooklands or up Shelsley Walsh hill.

Then there was 'Mowgli', a long-wheelbase track GN with the first of the special GN overhead-camshaft racing engines, that is to say, with a camshaft above each of its big cylinders and a great length of chain to drive them. This engine could be of 1,086, 1,219, or 1,493 cc, to suit different record classes. This led on to those two-seater GNs with more reliable shaft-turned overhead camshafts, one of which won its class in the 1921 200 Mile Race of the Junior Car Club at Brooklands, averaging a resounding 71.5 mph for that long haul and going round at a lap speed of 77.45 mph. I mention these things to show you that the odd little touring and sports GN cyclecars were race-bred, whatever else their owners may have thought of them. In the end the arrival of the four-cylinder, water-cooled, three-speed (by cog-box), four-wheel-braked Austin Seven drove the GN out of business and this clever chain-drive confection emerged as the famous sports Frazer Nash. But in those days, all those long years ago, when roads were narrow, motorways non-existent, and it was either a motorcycle with the girlfriend perched up behind you (and not on a wet day, she wouldn't) or isolated in a claustrophobic sidecar, I bet *you* would have seriously considered a side-by-side-seater GN.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

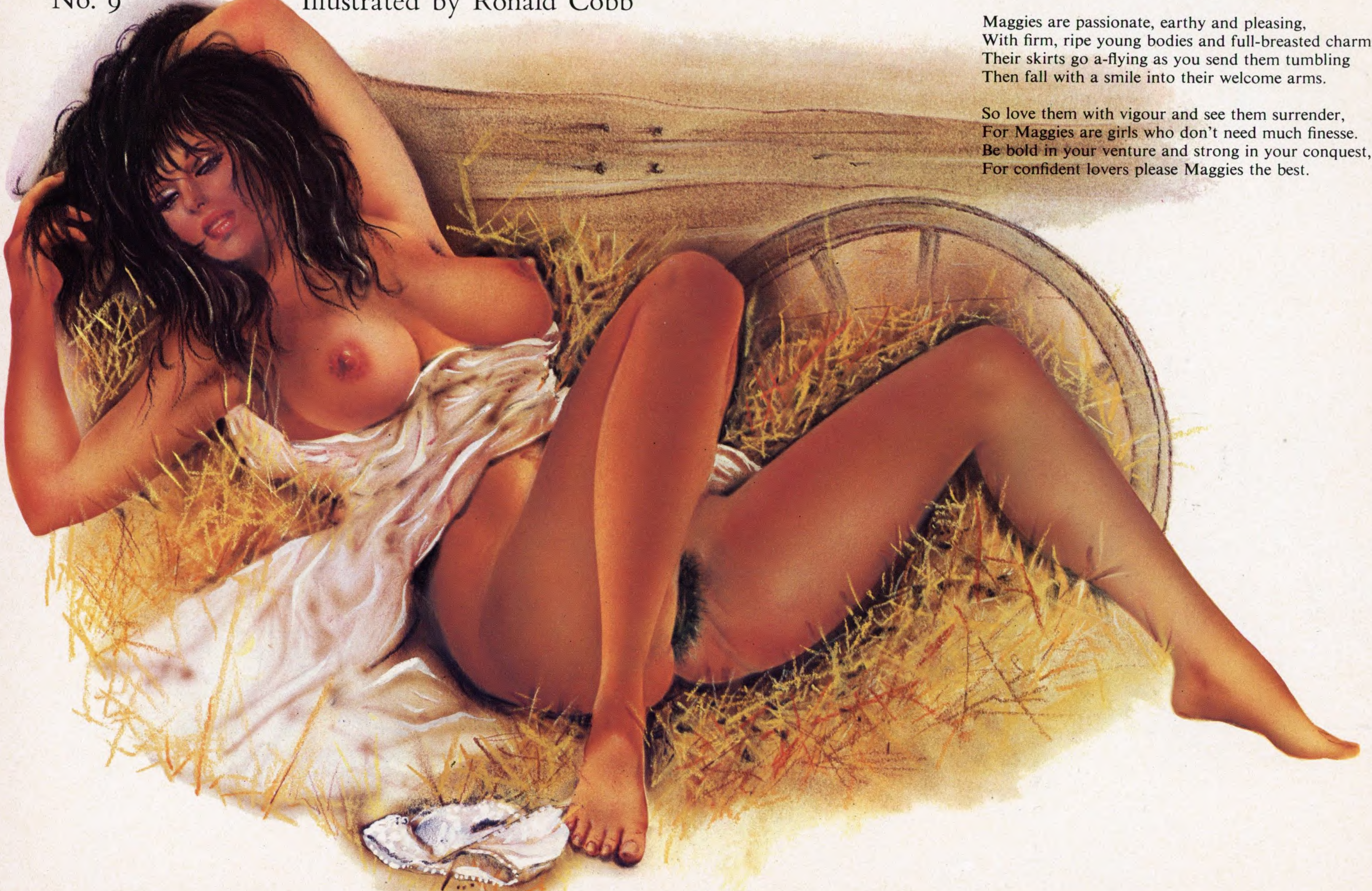
No. 9

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

Maggies are girls for a day in the country,
Away from the city, the concrete and clay.
Maggies are girls for an afternoon's loving;
A hot summer romp in the sun-yellow hay.

Maggies are passionate, earthy and pleasing,
With firm, ripe young bodies and full-breasted charms.
Their skirts go a-flying as you send them tumbling
Then fall with a smile into their welcome arms.

So love them with vigour and see them surrender,
For Maggies are girls who don't need much finesse.
Be bold in your venture and strong in your conquest,
For confident lovers please Maggies the best.



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Nine

The crackle of nylon under stiff serge, the thrust of a bosom under starched white blouse cotton: the constraint of an official garb can often emphasise femininity just as effectively as a plunging neckline. Men have always realised the erotic potential of uniform. This month Quest talks to women whose lives were enhanced by this discovery.

INTRODUCTION

The sight of a woman in uniform has been long recognised as a powerful sexual stimulus for many men. Uniforms, it can be argued, whether traffic warden or car rental firm receptionist, to some degree represent authority and many men are attracted by the prospect of sex with a uniformed woman, perhaps as an abuse of that authority. Others have argued that the severe rather restraining lines of a uniform add sexual attraction to the wearer. In this month's Quest one interviewee found her sex-life enhanced by the knowledge that her sex partner was deriving so much pleasure from her uniformed love-making. In another, the realisation of her partner's predilection precipitated the breakdown of a relationship. And in the third, a girl's understanding outlook helped enrich the sex-life of her partner but failed to add zest to her own.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Ground hostess, 25 years old, brunette, single, town of origin Bognor Regis**

This interviewee, a ground hostess with a major airline, previously worked as a hostess with British Rail. An attractive girl, she shared a flat with two other hostesses.

Quest: As a ground hostess, you presumably wear a uniform. Do you wear it at all away from the job?

Ground hostess: Oh yes. Even girls who fly change at home and wear their uniform to and from the airport. I don't particularly like wearing my uniform home – everyone stops and stares, especially the men. I'm only a ground hostess I don't think I've got the bounce to become a stewardess.

Quest: I wouldn't say that.

Ground hostess: Thank you very much. Are you trying to do a line with me?

Quest: It's a thought, but this is business. Why haven't you applied for air crew?

Ground hostess: You really want to know? (laughter) To tell you the truth I've got this terrible fear of flying. You know Dory Previn . . .

Quest: Of course.

Ground hostess: Well just like her. She came here from the United States for a concert tour a few weeks ago, but she came by boat. She's evidently scared stiff of flying.

Quest: Have you ever flown?

Ground hostess: Three times I think. Once in a Vanguard, another in a Boeing 727 and once in Brian's Piper Cherokee. Oh my God. I was so scared. I've never been so terrified in all my life. I was rigid and I don't think I said more than about two words during the flight.

Quest: Where did you go?

Ground hostess: Oh, it was only a joy flight. I think Brian wanted to join the mile high club, but I was so scared he never got passed my knees. I was reading lately that in America there are so many deaths among weekend flyers having it off or smoking pot. It makes me shiver now just to think about it. You feel a *bit* more secure in a big jet, but those planes are so tiny and look so fragile. They're not, I suppose, but yuk.

Quest: Brian was who?

Ground hostess: He was a company director, very successful, too. It was his own plane. I met him at a party.

Quest: Was he a uniform lover?

Ground hostess: Not so much in a sexual way. Not like John.

Quest: Tell me about Brian first.

Ground hostess: Brian came after John.

Quest: It's all right. Go on.

Ground hostess: As I said, I met him at a party, he wasn't, or at least didn't seem, all that interested in me until I told him I was an air hostess.

Quest: You let him believe that you flew?

Ground hostess: At first, I didn't see anything wrong with it. It's a white lie. I told him in the end. But at the time he was the only person talking to me and I had the feeling he was going to go wandering off to find someone more interesting to chat-up. So I thought it a good way to hold his interest. And it worked. I mentioned it in passing later in the evening that I was on the ground. We seemed to be getting along all right and it didn't matter then.

Quest: And he dated you?

Ground hostess: I went out with him for about three months or so but then someone else came along – not so well-off, but much nicer who seems to really like *me*.

Quest: You say that with bitterness almost.

Ground hostess: Not really. Brian was okay, but I think it was more of an ego trip for him to be seen with me than genuine, lasting interest.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Ground hostess: Just a feeling I got, nothing more. And the fact that he insisted on me wearing the uniform every chance I got. Whether it was for a meal out or whatever. He always wanted me to say that I'd come straight from work and hadn't had time to change.

Quest: But that was as far as it went?

Ground hostess: What do you mean?

Quest: I mean, did he try to have sex with you while you were wearing the uniform?

Ground hostess: No. He was never like John in that respect. Once or twice we did have sex and I happened to have my uniform on, but not as a rule.

Quest: Tell me about those times.

Ground hostess: Well, there's nothing much to tell. Brian had picked me up after work the first Saturday I went out with him and we were going to a small, informal party. We had a bit to drink and started kissing and cuddling and it went on from there. It was the first time Brian and I had sex actually. He drove me back to my flat in Ruislip and I invited him in for a coffee.

Quest: You were in your uniform still.

Ground hostess: Oh yes. There *was* not time to change this time.

Quest: And when you asked him in, did you have sex in mind?

Ground hostess: I've never really thought of that. I don't know. Silly, that. But I suppose you always feel that it could lead to sex, inviting a man in. And, good heavens, I was twenty-four then and wasn't exactly the Virgin Mary, but hasten to add, I wasn't a nymphomaniac either.

Quest: Were the other girls at home?

Ground hostess: No.

Quest: What happened after coffee?

Ground hostess: The usual. We were sitting on the settee listening to the stereo and he started kissing me, and then he put his hands on my breasts and started kneading them and his tongue was down my throat. I started breathing deeper and I became aware that my heart was beating faster and I knew it was going to happen.

Quest: Go on.

Ground hostess: I remembered John and how he used to insist that I keep my uniform on but Brian didn't appear to want that. He undid, very gently, the buttons on my blouse and pulled it out of my skirt and unclipped the front of my bra. And when he went down on my nipples I thought I'd die. I absolutely adore having my titties petted and even when I've masturbated, I can bring myself to orgasm just by playing with them. I was moaning and moaning and I just had to get him out and I was tugging at his belt, undoing his zip and practically dragging his pants and knickers down. And when I saw his penis come out, hanging down, but on the way up, I just had to take him in my mouth. I didn't care, I had to get him hard and I had to feel him inside me, filling me to capacity. He took off his clothes and I went to take off mine but before I could remove more than my jacket he was back on top of me and was forcing his way between my legs. Then he went down on his knees and eased my tights and panties down, round my ankles and then went back to work on my nipples and I just had to have him then so I reached down and pulled my skirt up out of the way – quite difficult as it was tight and I had to raise myself up off the settee to get it over my bottom – and guided him into me. He was hard, not the biggest I've had, but he pushed with such vigour, banging right in and for so long that I think I must have come first after only a few strokes. And as good as it was I was asking him to push harder still, the sweat was rolling off us. We were completely exhausted by the time he came. Nice, pumping all warm and comforting.

Quest: You had your uniform on and that didn't bother you.

Ground hostess: No, because it wasn't like John. I'm sure he didn't get any kick out of it himself.

Quest: Tell me of John.

Ground hostess: At that time I was with British Rail. I met John while on holiday and we exchanged names and addresses. I got a call from him a week or so after I got back, and we arranged to go out.

Quest: Did you fancy him?

Ground hostess: He was quite good-looking. And I thought he was nice.

Quest: And when did your uniform first figure in your sex with John.

Ground hostess: Second or third time. I'd gone to stay at his place for the weekend.

But I was dressed in normal clothes. I had to take my uniform though because I was going straight to work on the Sunday. Nothing much happened on the Friday or Saturday night. We went out to a play and a meal, but when we got back to his place we kissed and did some petting. It's not necessary for me to have intercourse every time. I enjoy petting and playing with a man. We didn't have sex that time. It was all proper. John only had a one bedroomed flat, but there was a divan in the living room and I was to sleep on that. He tried it on, fondling my breasts and that made me so excited but this time I managed to stay in control. He got his hands in my knickers though and started to work on me. I had to do something so I got him out and started jerking him while he was kissing and frigging me. Then he somehow manoeuvred it and pulled my knickers down and had his thing nuzzling against me. It was then that I had to squirm out. I don't know why, maybe though I just didn't feel like it then and there. Sounds silly now doesn't it?

Quest: Did you sleep together?

Ground hostess: Yes. I felt compassion for him I suppose, and I suggested that we go to bed together, on the proviso that he didn't do anything.

Quest: And he didn't.

Ground hostess: Nothing. He even slept in his undies. It's so silly now.

Quest: What happened on Sunday?

Ground hostess: I got up early and made breakfast. I had my nightie on and Baby Doll panties. I brought him some cornflakes and scrambled eggs on a tray. And he got up to go to the loo and when he did, I couldn't help but notice that he had an erection. Men get one in the morning, don't they? Anyway we started talking and it got quite sexy – John said my breasts were lovely, he could see straight through the top as the sun was streaming in behind me, showing up the outline of my titties. Anyway I don't quite now how it came up but he asked if I could dress up in my uniform one day for him, as he found them very exciting. Silly me, I told him I had it with me and that I was going to wear it anyway when I got dressed. He seemed to go mad and pleaded with me to put it on. It's a wonder how it never came up on the previous nights, but I could see no harm in it and, after all, we both knew that we would have sex sooner or later. I told him I'd get dressed in a little while. He was still quite large in his briefs and I said that it looked as though he was ready for action now. I like sex in the morning so I got back into bed with him and we started kissing and in no time at all I'd got him out of his briefs. We started kissing again and he was fondling my breasts and I started to get excited. He lifted off the Baby Doll top and started sucking my nipples. It was amazing. Like a trigger sending me off. I had to take him in my mouth. But he squirmed away.

Quest: Why?

Ground hostess: I suppose I hadn't been listening but he'd been mumbling, asking me to put the uniform on.

Quest: And you did.

Ground hostess: I wanted sex so badly that if he wanted it, I couldn't see what was wrong with it. I quickly got up, took my bag out into the loo and got dressed. I didn't put tights or knickers or bra on.

Quest: What's the uniform like?

Ground hostess: Turquoise . . . skirt and jacket and cap and a white blouse and scarf. And when I came back in he was sitting on the end of the bed . . . he'd gone down a bit but when I reappeared it sprang up. He just grabbed me and pushed me over the bed and tore the buttons off the blouse and started kneading and licking my tits so roughly, beautifully. It was amazing. He rolled me over and got me on top and rucked my skirt up and started kneading my breasts again. I just eased myself onto his cock. It was amazing glancing at myself in the wardrobe mirror . . . impaled on a naked man and me all dressed. Amazing. I had my orgasm first, I mean I was being completely fucked, utterly, and he just kept going, saying how he loved the feel of the material. I don't think he'd done anything like it before. I think it was a spur of the moment thing. But he even felt stiff after he'd come. He didn't half crumple up my uniform, too.

Quest: But John didn't last?

Ground hostess: No. We made love a few times more but I gave him the boot.

Quest: And has your uniform played an important part in your sex life since?

Ground hostess: No. I wouldn't say that it ever played a part in *my* sex life.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Two **Seamstress, 27 years old, blonde, town of origin Rochester**

This interviewee, after leaving school early had taken a number of jobs before becoming a traffic warden. This job lasted eighteen months before she took up her present work. She was engaged, living with her boyfriend.

Quest: You don't seem to have stayed a warden for very long. Presumably it's a very difficult job to stick with.

Seamstress: You get the odd nutter who threatens to brain you, and some very classy gents come out with the choicest language, but I've taken worse than that. It didn't bother me for very long. No, I think blokes really do have a kink for women in uniform.

Quest: Surely not all men?

Seamstress: Unless they're dead, or close to it. No, I think I'm right. I don't know about *every* uniform – even Raquel Welch would look silly in a diving suit. But a lot of uniforms today are quite smart and if you've got a nice figure, a good pair of legs and your face isn't too bad it's as good as a formal two-piece.

Quest: You set out to look glamorous.

Seamstress: I could hardly do that, tramping about in the open air all day. But I did try and keep myself presentable. It was very odd; it always made me laugh. Almost every time a bloke came to talk you could see him thinking, 'Shall I treat here like a petty official or have a go because she's a woman?'

Quest: How did the majority go?

Seamstress: Oh, I didn't take count.

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About fifty fifty, I suppose. That was half the fun of it at the end. Otherwise it can get incredibly boring.

Quest: But how far would 'having a go' extend to?

Seamstress: Oh anything, you'd be surprised. One old bloke started waving a twenty quid note at me once. I was so angry I practically brained him. Mostly the younger ones would suggest curling up on the back seat, or going for a quick drive somewhere quiet. Mostly joking; but you could feel they wouldn't have wasted a minute if I'd agreed.

Quest: But you never did?

Seamstress: Well you know I did, but I wouldn't be here talking to you otherwise, would I? But that was an incredible exception.

Quest: Don't you think you're exaggerating the effect a little? You're obviously an attractive young woman and sexy. Isn't it going to be normal for men to make an excuse to chat you up?

Seamstress: Six quid a go is a bit expensive for a chat when I might not even like them, isn't it? No, I'm sure I'm right. The number of boyfriends who've suggested I come in my uniform when we've gone out is incredible.

Quest: Surely just as a joke; they wouldn't have expected you to do anything about it.

Seamstress: Oh come on! I'm not exactly a blushing violet. They wanted to screw me in it. Imagine them telling their mates in the pub. Took out this smashing traffic warden last night. Got her to wear her uniform while we did it. I thought you were the one who wasn't supposed to be surprised by the kinky things people do.

Quest: But you did manage to do that once, didn't you?

Seamstress: That was bloody stupid. They were very heavy about being back at the station on time – which suited us fine normally – and of course you had to leave the uniform there. You couldn't exactly say, 'My boyfriend fancies a bit of tumble with me in the gear. Alright?' I nearly got roasted.

Quest: This wasn't with your present boyfriend?

Seamstress: God, no. This was two or three years ago. His name was Malcolm. Actually he was nice bloke but a bit pathetic. I wouldn't look at anyone like him today. And he was married. The first married man I ever went with; that I knew about, of course. He was the manager of a supermarket I used to work in. We used to have a drink after work. I should have left it at that; it was obvious it was all going to be rushed and awkward. Actually it sounds ludicrous now – it even made me laugh then. We used to go behind the cold store on half closing days; claimed he couldn't afford a hotel and it would rouse suspicion eventually anyway. I've never had as many colds, one after another. It was freezing behind there. In the end I only used to take my knics down. Not very romantic.

Quest: And the relationship was still going when you became a warden?

Seamstress: I'd have frostbite now if I hadn't left! No, it was a bit awkward for a time, because I knew it wasn't going to last. He wouldn't leave his wife and we had a lot of arguments. Then I took this job, which seemed to make it much worse; and suddenly it perked up a bit.

Quest: Not because of your uniform?

Seamstress: And the fact that one of my streets was quite near his house. So, of course, he said pop in when the wife's away – she had a sick mother or sister or someone she was always visiting. I kept saying no, it's more than my job's worth; but he kept on. So in the end I did.

Quest: Go on.

Seamstress: I kept saying, 'I've only half an hour' and Malcom was all fingers and thumbs. In the end I said, 'I've got to go to the loo; I'll get ready there.' I nipped in and took my tights and knickers off. I came downstairs feeling very odd; quite turned on, I never go without knicks normally and it's a completely different feeling. Malcolm had his dressing gown on by then, and I went up to him and smiled and we kissed and I said, 'I'm sorry, love; you'll have to take my tights off yourself.' His face was a treat. He dropped his hand under my skirt and I watched his expression change as he reached higher and higher up and found what I wasn't wearing. He just went berserk. One minute we were standing up and we were only in the lounge facing the garden. Any neighbour could have peeped in. The next minute we were rolling about on the carpet like kids and Malcolm was kissing and nipping me and running his hands up and down under my skirt and then practically wrenching open my blouse; and pulling my boobs out. I didn't have any breath left. Half the time I was thinking, 'What's my uniform going to look like?' The other half just swamped with the gorgeous feeling of being ravished by someone who couldn't even wait to get my clothes off.

Quest: That was more important than the discomfort?

Seamstress: Oh at first, yes. It's not that I like it rough as a rule – I'd never let a man slap me about.

Quest: And you did then?

Seamstress: In the end he was lying on top of me and his dressing gown was open and he didn't have anything on underneath and I could feel him between my thighs under my skirt. And all the time he was pulling himself up my body so his thing was getting closer and closer. It nearly drove me crazy. I just had to have him them. But the sod wouldn't come into me. He kept prodding me with it and saying, 'Is that the ticket, love? Going to let me park just where I like, are you?' Stupid things like that, but every time he touched me I could feel great surges run up my body. In the end I was practically pleading with him for it because I was nearly over the top. I was desperate to feel him inside me. And then he lunged into me and I had this incredible climax. He was still pumping while I was drifting miles away. Then of course I had to get up after a couple of minutes because I couldn't stay any longer. I hated that. I love a cuddle afterwards. And the driver of a car I'd seen on a yellow line was unlocking his car door looking very guilty at me. I don't know who felt worse! I didn't have the energy to do anything about him. And of course my uniform looked as if it had been pulled through a hedge backwards.

Quest: But that didn't put you off having sex on the job, as it were, again?

Seamstress: I told you that was an exception. I'd given in my notice by the time that happened. The job was really getting me down; I was hardly giving any tickets and I'm sure I'd have got the push eventually anyway.

Quest: Were you still seeing Malcolm?

Seamstress: That just petered out. It would have done anyway, I'm sure, even without the uniform bit. The sex wasn't anything like it had been before.

Quest: But you saw men you did fancy?

Seamstress: Oh yes. There was a fellow who used to park a big old Jag in one of the shopping streets I did. He was a bit flash; very nice suits, nice hair cut – but very cheeky, always giving me the eye. The sort you'd think, 'Watch him' but you'd find yourself talking to him anyway. And I knew he was meter-feeding and he knew I knew; but I never actually caught him – not for weeks; he had something to do with a betting shop; or he spent a fortune on the gee-gees. But he was there every day. And we started chatting each other up a bit. I quite looked forward to seeing him because he'd always stop. I'd tell him, 'I'm going to catch you one day, you know that.' And he'd just grin like an idiot and say something like, 'Have to work off my fine, won't I?' And I knew exactly what he meant. Then one day – I think it was my last actually – I reached his street late because of a downpour; I wasn't tramping about in the rain for anyone. And I just caught him coming out of the shop with his meter just touching penalty. He took one look at me and burst out laughing. Then he said, 'Look, love, I can knock off now anyway. Let me give you a lift back to the station.'

Quest: And you agreed?

Seamstress: I didn't really care very much if anyone saw. Normally I'd never have gone near a motorist's car while I was working. But it was getting late and they could hardly sack me, so I said fine.

Quest: And two minutes later you were making love to him?

Seamstress: Oh come on. It was hardly two minutes. I admit it was obvious we fancied each other and something could happen, but I didn't expect anything then.

Quest: But something did happen?

Seamstress: For a start he went on a very round-about route which took us over this bit of commonland full of little side roads and woods. Alright, then I realised he was going to try something and I could have got him to stop; but I was curious. Then he pulled the oldest trick in the book. He suddenly cried out, 'Christ, there goes the tyre,' and swerved into this little sideroad and stopped. We both burst out laughing because it was bloody corny. And I was saying, 'Oh come on, love; you can do better than that.' And he just grinned and said, 'Well, give me a chance then, and kissed me. And the next minute we were all over each other.

Quest: As easily as that?

Seamstress: I told you I'd been without for a while and it was just so easy and natural. He kissed really well, too; I had my hands inside his shirt in about thirty seconds, I wanted to feel what kind of chest he had – I hate a thick mat – and he was really smooth and muscular. Lovely. And he was tugging at the front of my jacket – my cap was lying on the floor somewhere. Then his hands were inside and really squeezing my breasts and finding the nipples through my bra. Everything was happening at once. God knows what anyone would have thought seeing us. At least we were well off the road and the trees were quite thick. Then I felt this really fierce bulge in his trousers and he started to unzip himself and this little tent of white cotton began to stick up. So I said, 'Let me do it', and I bent down and plucked him out. He was quite short, but very sort of thick and stubby and incredibly stiff. So I bent right down and kissed him and ran my tongue round the edge of it and the next minute I was sucking him. He started panting and shuffling his bottom around – I love it when that really turns a bloke on. You feel so stupid when a bloke just lies there and doesn't make a sound. But he really appreciated it.

Quest: What was he doing?

Seamstress: Trying to get his fingers between my legs. My skirt was all rucked up but my tights were a real bind; they were just getting damper and damper. And then I felt him start to heave and I knew he was going to come. Afterwards, I went on sucking and sucking and I could feel it start to get stiff again.

Quest: But weren't you frustrated?

Seamstress: God, was I. But I started to remember the time and what I was doing, which only made me feel worse. But before I could say anything, he reached over and began tugging at my tights and I didn't do anything to stop him. In the end, I said, 'You'll have to let me out,' and I pushed open the door and climbed out onto the grass. I got my tights and my knickers off there, but in the meantime he'd climbed out the other side and come round, still with his trousers open and this thing sticking out the front. I remember laughing like an idiot and reaching out to hold it. But he took hold of me and turned me round so that I was facing the bonnet and then made me bend over it and I said, 'What are you playing at?' And then I felt him lift my skirt and his thing touch the edge of my thigh and then the crack of my bottom and then right between my legs. I don't know who held who up, but he was sliding it backwards and forwards, pressing it hard up against me underneath. I was nearly delirious. It was so fantastically gorgeous. My legs kept giving, and then the last time his prick actually pushed between my lips and he was lifting my bottom and he was right inside. I've had it in some weird places, I can tell you, but in a warden's uniform over the bonnet of a Jag is about as strange as I'm ever going to get – I hope! I really felt I was going to pass out. I'm sure they must have heard us miles away. And then we heard a car coming and slowing down for the corner, and at exactly that moment he exploded and I just went with him. I managed to pull down my skirt before it came past.

Quest: And you think the uniform played an important part in your enjoyment?

Seamstress: Well, more the suddenness of it – the fact that it was so public too. I've never done that before. I couldn't have planned it, like it was with Malcolm. That would have made it stupid. But my boyfriend enjoyed the uniform, I think. He talked about it on the way back. It was the thought of finding the woman under the official sort of trappings.

Quest: Did it continue to play a part in your love making?

Seamstress: With him, no. I saw him a couple of times, but he was living with some woman and I'd had enough of that with Malcolm. Then I met my fiance. The only uniform he likes is the one on that dark-skinned girl in *Star Trek* on telly. And that's only because he can look at her legs. He says he doesn't care what a woman wears as long as she's bare.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Car hire receptionist, 26 years old, blonde, single, town of origin Leamington Spa**

Having spent her early twenties travelling and in a number of casual jobs, this interviewee joined a car hire concern in the Midlands some eighteen months ago and has remained there since. She lives alone in a small flat.

Quest: For someone who has travelled as extensively as yourself, I would have imagined that you would have found your job fairly restrictive.

Receptionist: Not at all. I'm not totally desk-bound, you know. We operate one of those schemes whereby a customer doesn't necessarily have to return a car to the depot from which he hired it, so I'm quite often out picking up cars. Delivering them to customers too sometimes.

Quest: Which involves what exactly?

Receptionist: If a customer can't pick up a car, we drive it to his home or office.

Quest: And other girls deliver cars?

Receptionist: Of course . . . Why do you ask?

Quest: Well without wishing to be disparaging to some of your colleagues, they are, to put it bluntly, a bit plain. I would have thought that your company would have had more attractive girls such as yourself out delivering cars more as a public relations exercise than anything else.

Receptionist: You flatter me. Actually I'm sure most of the girls would look better if we had a different uniform. The one we wear a horribly frumpy thing. I altered mine.

Quest: Yes, I was wondering whether you had. It seems to fit you extremely well. Do the customers notice?

Receptionist: Some do, some don't. I'm fairly full-breasted, so some of them tend to gawp at you in summer when you leave off your jacket and just have a white blouse on.

Quest: Have customers tried to date you?

Receptionist: A great many have tried to, but only a few have succeeded. Many of them tend to be rather corpulent businessmen in their forties and I'm afraid they don't turn me on much. I've dated a few of the younger ones though.

Quest: Were these one night stands, or more prolonged relationships?

Receptionist: You're asking another question now. I may have dated a few, but I've only been to bed with a couple. You're falling into the trap of equating dating with bedding and I'm not the kind of girl who drops her knickers for anyone.

Quest: Sorry. You have had sex with your customers though?

Receptionist: Yes.

Quest: How did these liaisons come about?

Receptionist: The first was a guy called Mark, one of those 'promising young executives'. His company had an account with us and he was always coming in for cars. One day he rang up and asked if we could take him a car as he couldn't get away from his office and I drove it round.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Receptionist: Well, I knew him of course and he was, is, quite good looking. It was just coincidence that I delivered his car though. It was my turn on the rota.

Quest: What happendd when you turned up at his office.

Receptionist: He was very appreciative that I'd got round so quickly. He asked if I'd like a drink, which I had to turn down as we're never allowed to drink on duty and then he asked if he could drop me off anywhere as we have to make our own way back once we've delivered cars. Normally I would have refused, but he was going quite near to where I live so as it wasn't really worth going back to the depot, I asked if he'd mind running me home.

Quest: What was his reaction?

Receptionist: He seemed quite pleased.

Quest: What did you talk about during the drive?

Receptionist: Not much really, it's only a fifteen minute drive. He did ask me out though.

Quest: Did you accept?

Receiptionist: I hummed and ha'd for a bit and then he said that his business wasn't going to take him that long, so what about just a drink after he'd finished. I agreed to this. He asked me to meet him in town at eight o'clock in this pub which is quite popular. He even wanted me to keep my uniform on so he'd easily pick me out in the crowd. He said he knew it sounded daft, but he wasn't sure he could instantly pick me out if I had ordinary clothes on. I thought this sounded a bit odd, but in fairness the pub in question is pretty big, so I agreed. As I've told you I've altered my uniform, so it doesn't look that bad. Anyway, Mark turned up just after eight and we had a few drinks.

Quest: Anything else?

Receptionist: As it happens, we did go out for dinner. It seemed a bit silly to refuse actually. He was good company and I enjoyed being with him, so I said I'd go. We went to this very smart little bistro and had a meal and then he asked me to go back to his place for a nightcap.

Quest: You agreed?

Receptionist: Yes. I was quite ready for him by this time. The evening had been a great success and I don't have any qualms about going to bed with someone on a first date.

Quest: Had you hinted that you would be prepared to go to bed with him?

Receptionist: In subtle ways, I suppose so. I mean it depends how perceptive a man is. I'd been sending out little signs like looking very deeply into his eyes and touching his hand when he lit my cigarette.

Quest: And did he get the message?

Receptionist: Oh yes. We went back to his place, had a coffee and a drink and then he looked at his watch and said 'It's awfully late; I must be running you home.' Then he paused before adding 'Unless of course you'd like to stay here the night.'

Quest: That sounds rather cold and calculating. Had there been any physical contact between the two of you before this point?

Receiptionist: We'd been kissing and cuddling, that sort of thing. A little bit of mild groping, you know the sort of thing. I was perfectly happy to stay with him and told him so. We went into the bedroom and I started to undress, but Mark pushed me very gently onto the bed and lay down beside me.

Quest: You were fully clothed?

Receptionist: I'd taken my jacket and shoes off, but that was all. I thought he was going to undress me, which is a nice sexy thing to do. He unbuttoned my blouse and unclipped my bra and started sucking my breasts. He was sort of squeezing and kneading them at the same time. I quite like it when men are rough with them; not hurting them or anything like that, but I like it when they're fondled and mauled about a bit. There's this thing I can do which men like which is sucking one of my own nipples. I started doing this with one of my breasts and it seemed to send him into some kind of frenzy. It frightened me a bit initially. He reached up my skirt and hauled down my tights and panties, dropped his trousers and just fell on me. I can remember thinking at the time it seeming so incongrous because he still had his tie on. I suppose I must have been quite damp because he slid into me without any trouble. He was on his elbows and really squeezing my breasts hard which, desipite the fact that my skirt was rucked up round my waist making me uncomfy, was starting to get me going. He was grinding away at full pelt and I could feel that I was starting to come. You can, you know. You can feel it when you're on the brink of an orgasm. I said to him 'I'm coming Mark, I'm coming' and that pushed him over the top, because he groaned and reached his climax almost immediately. Then he pulled out almost as soon as he'd finished coming. I was about fifteen seconds off my own orgasm and he spoiled it for me. I think he sensed what he'd done. If I'd known him better I would've asked him why, but those kinds of things are a bit tricky when you're in bed with someone for the first time, aren't they?

Quest: Did you stay the night?

Receptionist: Yes. We made love again in the morning and this time I did come which made up for some of the night before.

Quest: And how long did the relationship continue?

Receptionist: Not long.

Quest: Why?

Receptionist: Because it soon became clear that he was more interested in my uniform than in me. You remember I told you that I'd worn my uniform on our first date?

Quest: Yes.

Receptionist: I'd accepted his reasons on that occasion, but the second time I saw him, he insisted on meeting me direct from work so I didn't have time to go back home and change. Then he said he found sex much more exciting if the girl was clothed. I said that I didn't mind that in the least, but why couldn't I wear something else? I mean I've got some quite nice sexy undies and things that I could have worn, but it was always that bloody uniform. I found out the reason in the end though.

Quest: What was that?

Receptionist: It was a deep psychological thing. He wouldn't go into it in detail, but the gist was that he couldn't get an erection unless a girl was wearing some sort of uniform. I thought he was having me on at first, but after one night when I'd tried my very sexiest outfit on him without any effect at all, I realised that he was telling the truth.

Quest: So the relationship ended?

Receptionist: Yes. I really didn't want a prolonged relationship with someone who had those problems that Mark had. I felt sorry for him, but that was about it.

Quest: You mentioned earlier that you'd been to bed with another customer.

Receptionist: Jack. He's my current boyfriend. I've known him about nine months now. He's a bit of a uniform freak too, but it's not the be-all and end-all with him.

Quest: Explain.

Receptionist: He came in one Saturday for a car. We didn't have one ready, so he had to wait a while and we got chatting. He was really nice. Said he had to have a car as his own was in being serviced and he was taking a girl out that night. I was on duty when he brought the car back in on the Monday, and I asked him how his date had gone. He replied that it had been a total dead loss and that he'd have been better off saving his money. I said something like 'Never mind, there are plenty of other girls around,' and he said 'That's true, what are you doing tonight?' I couldn't help laughing; he was likeably cheeky.

Quest: And you went out with him?

Receptionist: Yes, we had a fabulous time.

Quest: No hang-ups with your uniform?

Receptionist: None at all. Jack's more interested in seeing me in stockings and suspenders. I have worn my uniform for him once or twice though.

Quest: Under what circumstances?

Receptionist: We act out little fantasies sometimes. A sort of grown-up doctors and nurses. The first time he suggested it I was a bit wary, but it was so sexy I couldn't wait to do it again.

Quest: What happened?

Receptionist: We were round at my place one night – he'd come for dinner. We were watching something or other on TV, I forget exactly what, but there was this girl playing an air hostess. Jack was going on a bit about how he'd always had this secret hankering for air hostesses and I was in a bit of a huff about this so I told him that my uniform was just like an air hostess one. He told me to go and put it on and I asked why. He just grinned and told me to wait and see. I went into the bedroom and changed and when I got back I got this real shock because he'd changed some of the seating in the sitting room round so he had two seats together like on an aircraft. Before I had a chance to say anything he called out 'Stewardess, I can't seem to get my seat-belt done up. Would you give me a hand.' I didn't really twig what he was on about, but I went over and started to fumble in his lap, like I was doing up a belt. Then I suddenly did twig what this was all about and started to undo his trouser belt. I told him his belt was a bit tight and needed to be loosened.

Quest: Go on.

Receptionist: Then I said 'Your clothing seems to be a bit tight, sir, I'd better loosen it for you' and I started to unfasten his trousers. I could see this nice erection-shaped bulge in his underpants, so still going on about how tight his clothing was, I got it out. I said 'Seems a bit stiff and tense to me, sir, would you like a nice relaxing massage?' and started to stroke it up and down. Then I bobbed my head down and started to lick the top. He had a hand inside my blouse and was fondling my breasts. It was lovely. We sort of subsided off the chairs and onto the floor. We twisted round into a 69 position and he was eating out my pussy. I hadn't bothered to put on tights or panties you see. It was gorgeous. I had both hands round his cock licking the top like an icecream, and he was mouthing my clitoris. Eventually I lay back on the floor and guided him into me. He's got a lovely one. I really love it when a man pushes it in right up to the hilt when he first enters you. It always takes my breath away and makes me all shivery. My blouse and bra were both off by this time and my skirt had been slung over to the other side of the room. I squeezed my breasts together so Jack could suck both nipples easily and my bottom was bouncing up and down on the floor so hard. I'd got to that point where you lose all control and co-ordination and just start jerking about like a puppet. I'd lost count of the number of times I'd come when I felt him swell inside me. It really did. It seemed to grow a couple of inches and then he came. My God how he came. I'd never been creamed like that before.

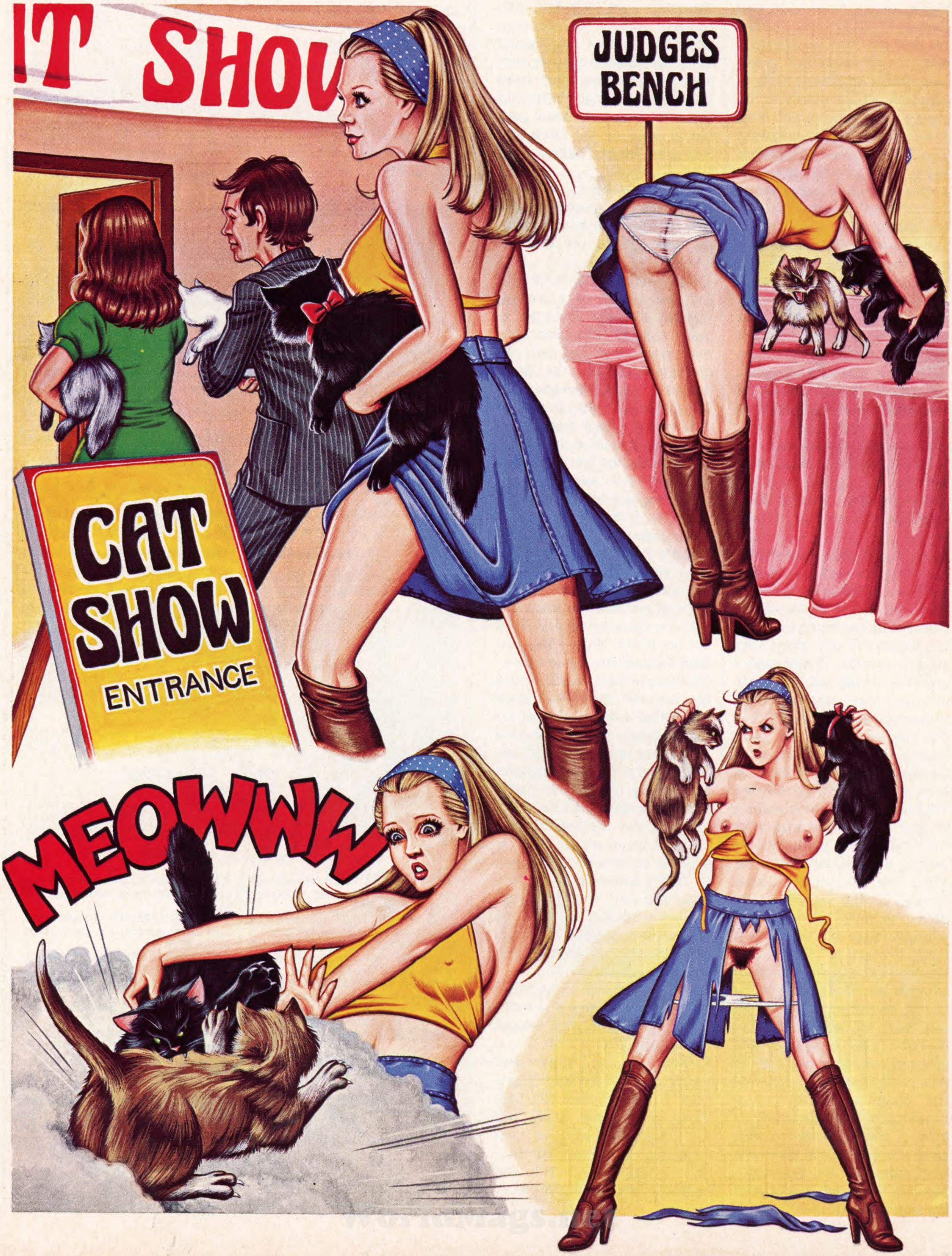
Quest: Do you think this was the power of your uniform?

Receptionist: Not really. We've had equally good sessions since when the uniform's been safely in my wardrobe.

Quest: Thanks very much.

CARRIE

Carrie exhibits more at the cat show than she intended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CAT SHOW ENTRANCE
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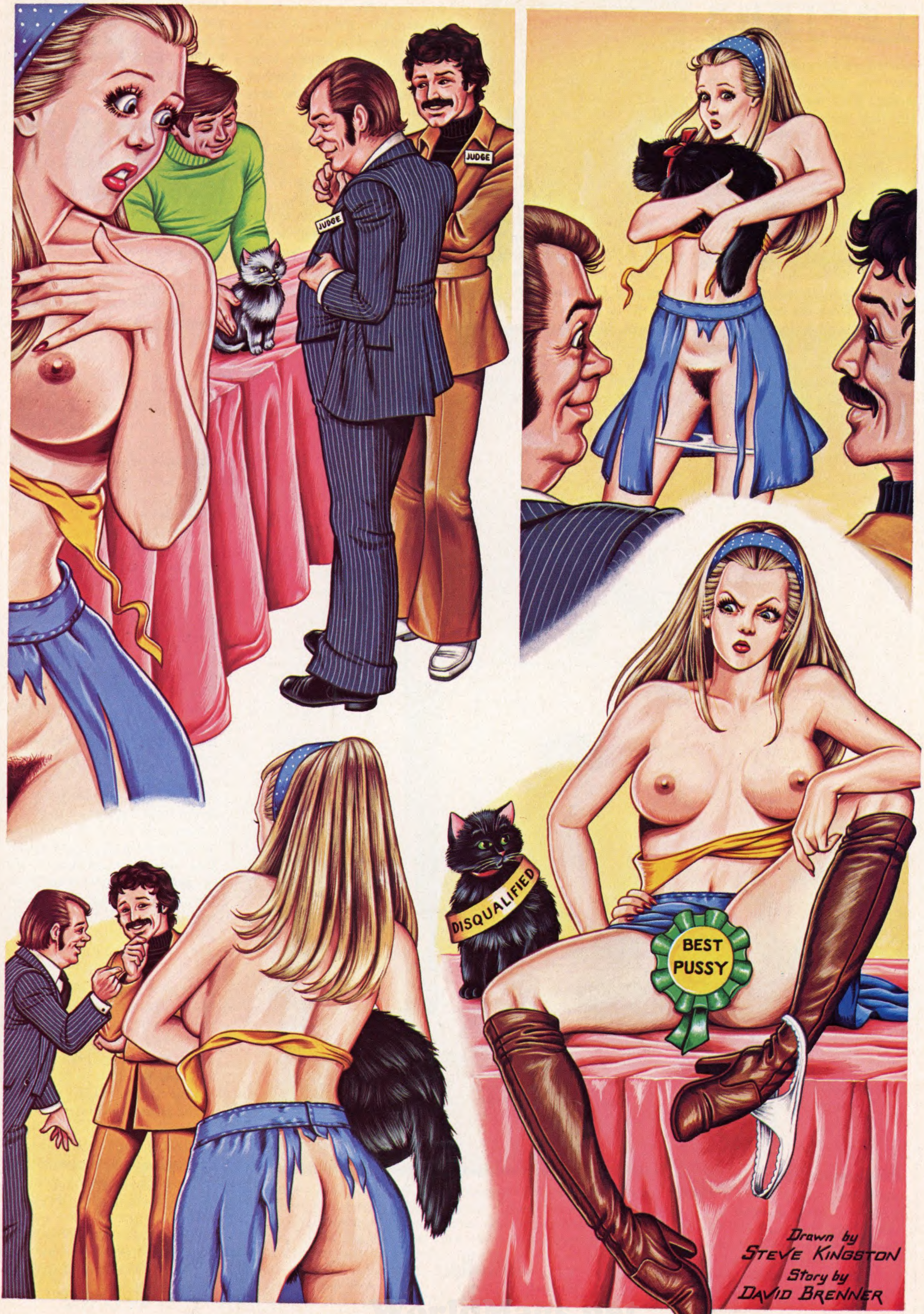
JUDGE
JUDGE
JUDGE
DISQUALIFIED
BEST PUSSY

Drawn by
STEVE KINGSTON
Story by
DAVID BRENNER